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THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY.

ONE of the reporters of the proceedings at Hughenden stated, among other details, that the Duke of RICHMOND, Lord SALISBURY, and Lord CAIRNS walked together after the funeral to the station at Wycombe. It may accordingly be inferred that the supposed competitors for the political succession of Lord BEACONSFIELD were then not on unfriendly terms. Any latent scepticism which might survive will have been removed by Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's speech at Kettering. The most important functions of the office of Leader necessarily devolve on Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, for none of his colleagues can pretend to control his conduct of Opposition in the House of Commons. As long as Lord BEACONSFIELD took part in affairs, it was inevitable that he should on great occasions decide the policy of the party. No other Conservative politician could pretend to compete with the claims of a statesman who had led the House of Commons nearly thirty years ago, and who had been twice Prime Minister. When Mr. DISRAELI became Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1852, Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE had held no higher office than that of private secretary to Mr. GLADSTONE, followed by an appointment at the Board of Trade. His capacity was afterwards recognized by promotion to the offices of Secretary of the Treasury, Secretary for India, and of Chancellor of the Exchequer; and Lord BEACONSFIELD, when he left the House of Commons in 1876, showed sound judgment in his selection of a successor. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE understood the details of business and the theory and practice of finance better than his brilliant chief; but they had no similarity of temperament, except that both were exempt from partisan bigotry. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE would probably have devoted his attention to practical and useful legislation if the efforts of the Ministry had not, through the force of circumstances, been concentrated on foreign affairs. The urgent pressure of Eastern politics confirmed the ascendancy of Lord BEACONSFIELD, who had no resistance to apprehend in his own Cabinet after the secession of Lord DERBY and Lord CAIRNS. Since the change of Government Lord BEACONSFIELD has probably interfered but seldom with the discretion of the leader of the House of Commons. On the front Opposition bench Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE has no rivalry to apprehend, since on his appointment Mr. GATHORNE HARDY, who was perhaps a more effective debater, was translated to the House of Lords. Sir RICHARD CROSS and Mr. W. H. SMITH are excellent men of business, and efficient debaters, but neither pretends to be an orator. Mr. STANHOPE and Lord GEORGE HAMILTON can afford to wait for their turn as Parliamentary chiefs.

In modern times the leaders of parties have, with few exceptions, sat in the House of Commons. Within the last forty years Lord MELBOURNE, Lord DERBY, Lord RUSSELL, and Lord BEACONSFIELD have been Prime Ministers; but only the last has really decided the counsels of the party. Lord JOHN RUSSELL surpassed Lord MELBOURNE in authority and influence, and Mr. DISRAELI bore a similar relation to Lord DERBY. During their year of joint office, Mr. GLADSTONE overshadowed Lord RUSSELL, who finally gave way to his indefatigable colleague, when they were driven from office. Sir ROBERT PEEL, Lord JOHN RUSSELL, Lord PALMERSTON, Mr. GLADSTONE, and Mr. DISRAELI have been real party leaders both in and out of office. The Duke of WELLINGTON was content to represent the Conservative party in the House of Lords with secon-

dary political rank; and on the other side Lord LANSDOWNE and Lord GRANVILLE have held the same position. The Duke of RICHMOND, from the resignation of Lord DERBY to the accession of Mr. DISRAELI to the peerage, did the Conservatives valuable service by rendering it possible for Lord SALISBURY and the present Lord DERBY to maintain an equality of political rank. It is not improbable that the same arrangement may be at least provisionally revived, though circumstances have materially changed. Lord CAIRNS would perhaps not be disposed to contest the claims of Lord SALISBURY, though he has for a time discharged the duties of leader. It is not at present known whether either peer would be disposed to acknowledge the political superiority of Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE; in any case prudent politicians must deprecate the ill-timed controversy which has lately arisen as to his claims. The Duke of RICHMOND might advantageously undertake the duty of answering questions and providing for the conduct of debates, and so reassure the more timid members of the party. The practical selection of a leader will possibly be deferred till the Irish Land Bill is introduced into the House of Lords. In case the Conservative majority should unfortunately be divided on the question of acquiescence in irresistible injustice or of desperate resistance, the fractions of the party must severally select their own representatives in debate. Still that party has often shown a steadiness of discipline which has puzzled and incensed the minds of their opponents.

The choice of a leader of Opposition has sometimes involved the future nomination of a Prime Minister. The most formal appointment to such a post was that of Lord HARTINGTON, when, on the temporary retirement of Mr. GLADSTONE, he was selected in preference to Mr. FORSTER. If Mr. GLADSTONE had not reconsidered his decision, Lord HARTINGTON would now be either First Lord of the Treasury or principal Minister in the House of Commons. No similar patronage is at the disposal of the present Opposition. The informal office which is held by Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE confers both honour and political influence, but he will long have to confine himself to the function of criticism and resistance. The Ministers have so large a majority that the leader of Opposition cannot even wish, and much less hope, to displace and succeed them. Mr. GLADSTONE and his allies, after driving them out of office, are preparing to turn the key upon them by an organic change in the Constitution. The transfer of all electoral power to the working classes, with the readjustment of constituencies, will entirely alter the conditions of political life. The Conservative party has twice within living memory recovered from apparently hopeless prostration, under two leaders of dissimilar character and faculties. Sir ROBERT PEEL was unrivalled in knowledge of business and practical ability; and he surpassed all men in the skill with which he profited by the errors of opponents. Within ten years from the passing of the Reform Bill, which seemed to have annihilated his party, he returned to office without a rival, and almost without an Opposition to face him. When his conscientious reparation of a great economic mistake had broken up the compact body of Conservatives, Mr. DISRAELI once more undertook the task of reconstituting a disorganized party. His success was not less surprising than that of his predecessor, though it was not equally complete. His ultimate triumph might perhaps have been permanent but for the external complications with which he had to

deal. Time will show whether it is possible once more to retrieve a ruinous defeat. The revolutionary changes which are now threatened may perhaps perpetuate the supremacy of the democratic faction.

If the task is feasible, it is more likely to be accomplished by the exercise of prudence and patience than by any stroke of genius or exhibition of daring. There is no doubt that a constant reaction against democratic encroachment is proceeding, for property and refinement are naturally hostile to the supremacy of numbers. The constituencies of 1832, which were once deemed revolutionary, would, if they had survived to the present time, have probably returned large Conservative majorities. The new experiment, to which both Mr. DISRAELI and Mr. GLADSTONE contributed, has resulted, with a brief interruption, in the election of the present House of Commons, and in the accession to power of Mr. GLADSTONE, Mr. BRIGHT, and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. The Ballot has been even more mischievous than the extension of the suffrage; and the impending change will complete the work which is already far advanced. The rapid progress of democratic innovation has been remarkably illustrated by the recent history of France. All moderate politicians now appear to be permanently excluded from power, though only a few years ago the Republic of M. THIERS appeared only to be threatened by the reactionary or dynastic parties. English Liberals holding the opinions which seemed to prevail in Lord PALMERSTON'S time now almost despair of the possibility of maintaining the traditions and institutions with which they were familiar; but a more hopeful temper is laudable, and may possibly be justified by experience. If Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE has sufficient cheerfulness and courage to persevere in his opposition to the present Government, he will perform a great public service. In course of time he will probably be reinforced by numerous seceders from the Liberal party, if not by the whole body of those who were once called Whigs. He will not be tempted by the example of his predecessor to anticipate or further the democratic measures which he may probably be unable to resist. He must rely on the probably unanimous support of the upper and middle classes of society.

THE IRISH LAND BILL.

IT is, perhaps, not wholly disagreeable to the Government that the discussion on the Irish Land Bill drags itself along so slowly and with so many interruptions. They may possibly think that the intervals weaken the effect of what they cannot but acknowledge to be the damaging expositions of the unfair working of the measure as it stands. For some time it has been obvious that, numerous as are the points open to criticism, the heat of the battle will turn upon Clause 7. The arrangements by which tenant-right is to be created somewhere in space, and bestowed upon the tenant without in any way involving landlord wrong, were from the first detected as the weakest point of the whole; and, as the powerful speech of Mr. GIBSON first laid stress on them from the point of view of political advocacy, so did that of the late First Lord of the Admiralty on Monday last expose them from the point of view of the practical man of business. It is very remarkable that the objections urged have never yet been met, and have, indeed, scarcely been attempted to be met. Mr. FORSTER, with the somewhat awkward ingenuousness which characterizes him, took the bull by the horns, and declared that the clauses were not meant to mean what they obviously do mean. But this is cold comfort. The Irish ATTORNEY-GENERAL, when, after much waiting, he attempted to answer Mr. GIBSON, evaded the point; Mr. SHAW-LEFEVRE evaded it again in his answer to Mr. SMITH. As for favourable critics who are not under Government responsibility, it is needless to say that very little satisfaction is to be got from their remarks on the matter. It has been pointed out before, and it must continue to be pointed out until the Government take some notice of it, that what Mr. GIBSON and Mr. SMITH fear, what Mr. FORSTER and Mr. SHAW-LEFEVRE disclaim, is exactly what the Irish party in a body and a certain number of English Radicals advocate and hope for. What Mr. FORSTER thinks unfair these persons think the minimum of possible fairness; what he thinks is not in the Bill is in their eyes the very thing which, and which alone, makes the Bill worth having.

The injustice done to the landlord, or alleged to be done,

by those who take the clause in its obvious acceptation is twofold. In the first place, a great slice is cut out of his property by the arrangements for deducting compensation value from competition value in the fixing of a fair rent. In the second place, the enactment of the in destructibility of tenant-right mullets him still further. He may buy up one tenant's right, but it revives in the next tenant. Both these things have been denied; but no one on the Government side has attempted to show that they are not true, and still less has anybody on the Government side offered to change the words of the Bill for other and unambiguous words, safeguarding the landlord's interest as well as the tenant's. This is the touchstone of sincerity in such a case. If Mr. FORSTER will add to the Bill a statement in so many words that the value of the tenant-right is not to affect or diminish the value of the landlord's right, and that an owner who has fairly extinguished the tenant-right may then occupy or let as he pleases, without incurring responsibility for anything except future improvements effected with his consent by the tenant for the time being, then critics of the Bill will know where they are. It cannot hurt the Government to do this, if, as they assert, it would be very unfair to the landlord that the construction, barred by such an addition, should be put on the Bill when it becomes an Act. But, at the same time, it is, to say the least, improbable that they will do anything of the kind. Prophecy is dangerous, but it is hardly dangerous to prophesy that such an alteration would make the measure the object of violent opposition from the whole Irish party. At the same time, the injustice of the construction itself is so clear, the language of the Government in reference to it has been so half-hearted, the thing is itself so monstrous when fairly considered, that even so obedient a majority as Mr. GLADSTONE'S can hardly be expected to pass this particular clause if the Opposition keep up their fire upon it in Committee without alteration. The present Parliament is capable of much. But it is difficult to believe that the majority of it is yet capable of affirming such a proposition as the following. There are, let it be supposed, two farms. One of them is conducted on the principles of the Portsmouth Estate, where not a farthing is spent by the landlord, and he is satisfied to take his rent-charge and let the tenants transfer the customary property he concedes them in their holdings as they please. The other is a farm on which the owner, at great cost, has made all improvements, and has bought up at the price fixed by the Court the interests of every kind of an outgoing tenant. Yet, if this owner re-lets his land, no matter at what rent, a fresh tenant-right is to spring up on it and to flourish, just as it flourishes on the other.

This injustice, and other such injustices as this, appear the more the Bill is considered. It does not follow that nothing is to be made of it. Unwise as it may be for the most part to attempt a kind of State patronage of a particular industry, the reclamation of waste lands, the buying up of the lands of those landlords who are willing to sell, and their resale on easy terms to peasant proprietors, are things which conceivably might be attended with fortunate results. The worst of it is that these results are not what are looked for by the Irish, and not that for which the supporters of the Government have encouraged the Irish to look. Mr. GLADSTONE'S short but most instructive speech on the Welsh Sunday Closing Bill throws floods of light on his attitude as to the more important measure which is now making its lame way through the Commons. The majority in any locality, no matter what their wishes, have only to express them, to come to Parliament with the expression, and it is the business of Parliament to carry those wishes out. Now, it is undoubtedly the wish of a majority of the population in certain districts of Ireland to pay no rent. It is probably the wish of the majority of the population in others (let us hope few and far between) to shoot the herds on grass-farms. It may be the wish of the majority in one or two to roast a certain number of bailiffs to encourage the others. Probably, Mr. GLADSTONE is not as yet ready to propose a Permissive Roasting Act, or to bring in a Bill for the better abolition of herds taking care of grass-farms; but his Welsh speech and his Irish measure lead to such things as a perfectly logical consequence. The singular thing is that all this, though it is clear enough, slips, to all appearance, off the mental backs of the majority even of Englishmen. The attitude of the Irishman—doubtless, in the main, and under favourable circumstances—a

good-natured fellow enough, who roasts or mutilates a bailiff at the bidding of the Land League; and the attitude of an Englishman, who regards the spoliation of landlords as a great act of national justice and statesmanlike policy, are curiously close to one another. Agitation, the companionship of leagues and federations, the constant repetition of well-sounding platitudes, deaden intellect and morality in the one case as in the other. It was remarked, not long ago, by a supporter of the Government, in a tone half argumentative and half exultant, that people who address the present electorate as if they were addressing the ten-pounders make a great mistake. That is, indeed, evident enough. The ten-pounder was not a model person; he did not much understand the higher politics, he was gullible if the right side of him could be got at. But he was not wholly indifferent to the national honour, he was not to be taken in by mere phrases, and, above all, the doctrine, men not measures, never wholly seduced him. Of his successor it does not appear that as much can be said. Still, the attitude of the English supporters of the Government is for the most part one of dubious acquiescence more than of sincere agreement. The attitude of the Irish members is becoming more and more complicated. Mr. PARNELL's formal amendment, the divided resolutions of the Home Rulers, and the curious parley between the Government and the Land League leaders as to a recommendation on the part of the latter in favour of the payment of rent, seem likely to introduce a new and possibly an interesting chapter in a history which has hitherto been somewhat dull.

GOVERNMENTS AND THEIR AGENTS ABROAD.

ALMOST any other subject of debate must be a relief to the House of Commons in the rare intervals of the Land Bill, yet only a small audience was found a week ago for a discussion on two not dissimilar subjects. Mr. PEASE's proposal to abolish the China opium trade had the advantage of being in a high degree practical, if only it had been likely to be accepted; but the sacrifice of seven millions of Indian revenue is too serious an enterprise to be undertaken without conclusive reasons. Mr. LAING's speech alone exhausted the subject, and Lord HARTINGTON added the usual official explanation. The money cannot be spared; and, if any other argument is needed, there are doubts whether the importation of Indian opium greatly increases the consumption, and even whether the use of the drug is uniformly noxious. According to Lord HARTINGTON, the practice chiefly prevails in the Western provinces, where no Indian opium has penetrated. The opium debate was preceded by the introduction of a motion of Mr. RICHARD's, which gave occasion for an instructive speech by Mr. GLADSTONE. Only a small majority in a thin House supported the Government in its refusal to adopt a wholly inadmissible resolution. The philanthropists had mustered in comparative strength to protest against war and opium. Mr. RICHARD asked the House to affirm the proposition that the power "claimed and exercised by the representatives of this country in various parts of the world to contract engagements, annex territories, &c., without the authority of the central Government, is at variance with recognized rules of international law, and is fraught with danger to the honour and true interests of the country." One objection to the resolution is that no such power is claimed, though it may sometimes be exercised; and, if the practice were inconsistent with recognized international law, it would be unnecessary to condemn it. In truth, the discretion which may be allowed to subordinate agents has nothing to do with international law. If the act of a civil or military officer is recognized and approved, foreign States look for redress exclusively to the Government. It is not the province of international law to distribute responsibility between Ministers and Governors, Commissioners or Generals.

Mr. GLADSTONE differs little from Mr. RICHARD either in his horror of war or in his freedom from that kind of sensitiveness which has generally been associated with a regard for the national honour; but as the representative of the Government he could scarcely sanction an indiscriminate limitation of the powers entrusted to its agents. In barbarous or half-civilized countries it is necessary for officers on the spot to resent insults and to repel, or sometimes to anticipate, attacks; and there is no reason to apprehend that in dealing with

regular Governments any subordinate agent will involve the country in a quarrel. In the only modern instances of such a misadventure the English Government was the offended party, and in both cases satisfaction for unauthorized acts was finally obtained. A French officer in Otaheite, nearly forty years ago, almost provoked a war between France and England by his lawless arrest of Mr. PRITCHARD, an English Consul. M. GUIZOT, notwithstanding the reproaches of the Opposition, at last disavowed the injustice which had been perpetrated, though he afterwards complained that Sir ROBERT PEEL had not been as easily satisfied as Lord ABERDEEN. A much grosser case was the stoppage of the *Trent* and the arrest of Mr. MASON and Mr. SLIDELL by the American Commodore WILKES. There was no doubt that the offending officer had, for the sake of obtaining popularity, deliberately violated international law; and at first it seemed that his calculation had been well founded. He was unanimously applauded in his own State of Massachusetts, and the Federal House of Representatives passed a resolution in approval of the outrage. Fortunately Lord PALMERSTON was then Prime Minister, and his immediate preparations for war had, as in some other instances, the effect of securing peace. The President determined to surrender the prisoners; and the warlike faction had to console itself with a blustering despatch, in which Mr. SEWARD announced that his Government would have set international law at defiance if it had not, for reasons of its own, been indifferent to the detention of the captives. For the only European war in which England has been engaged during more than sixty years the Ministers of the day were responsible. It is highly probable that the rupture with Russia might have been averted if the management of the negotiations had been entrusted to the Ambassador at Constantinople, or even to the Minister at St. Petersburg. The Emperor NICHOLAS, deriving his information from Baron BRUNNOW, who in turn listened to the pacific language of Lord ABERDEEN, repelled the warnings of Sir HAMILTON SEYMOUR with the frequent assurance that the English people were opposed to war.

It is true that Indian annexations have in many instances been effected by the Viceregal Government, or in early times by officers of less exalted rank, with little reference to the wishes of the authorities at home. WARREN HASTINGS and CLIVE, WELLESLEY and DALHOUSIE, prosecuted their Imperial policy with little regard for the timid warnings of the East India Directors and Proprietors. It may be added that, if they had been subject to such restrictions as those which are suggested by Mr. RICHARD, there would now be no Indian Empire to confine within its actual limits. It is said that on the eve of one of his expeditions Lord WELLESLEY detained the home-bound fleet for several weeks, that his designs might not be prematurely disclosed to his employers in England. Lord DALHOUSIE was almost as exclusively responsible for the annexation of Oude, and for the second Burmese war, which was not the unjustifiable transaction which Mr. RICHARD has been taught to consider it by his study of a pamphlet of Mr. COBDEN's. Great statesmen bent on making their successors the first potentates in Asia, while they remained loyal subjects of the English Crown, would not have been effectually restrained by any resolution of the House of Commons. The impeachment of WARREN HASTINGS, which was promoted in vindication of the principles now maintained by Mr. RICHARD, ended, after many years, not only in acquittal, but in a general conviction of the injustice with which his services had been rewarded. Mr. RICHARD mentioned several instances in which functionaries of humbler rank had involved the country in war. The remedy for such excesses of power is to be found, not in Parliamentary resolutions, but in the enforcement of official discipline. As to the particulars of a petty war in the Malay peninsula, Mr. RICHARD seems to have been imperfectly informed. Mr. GLADSTONE's condemnation of the warlike proceedings of Sir JAMES BROOKE is inconsistent with the judgment of many of those who have studied the question, and his position was rather that of a private adventurer than that of a Government officer. Sir THEOPHILUS SHEPSTONE's precipitate annexation of the Transvaal was afterwards sanctioned by the Secretary of State and the Cabinet, and it was not disapproved by Parliament. The untoward war with the Zulus was condoned both by Lord BEACONSFIELD's Administration and by Mr. GLADSTONE's.

Mr. RICHARD, whose object is not to enforce discipline, but to diminish the chances of war, may perhaps have been convinced by Mr. GLADSTONE'S speech that the House of Commons and the nation are or really were as liable to warlike impulses as any Indian or Colonial functionary. The Crimean war was much more unpalatable to the House of Lords than to the House of Commons, and the House of Commons was impelled by the almost unanimous feeling of the country. In that instance, at least, popular enthusiasm was not capricious; for the terms of a patched-up peace were generally disapproved, notwithstanding the heavy sacrifices which had been sustained. Mr. GLADSTONE effectually destroyed that part of Mr. RICHARD'S argument which was founded on Sir JOHN BOWRING'S reprisals for the seizure of the *Arrow*. The many bitter enemies of Lord PALMERSTON took the opportunity to form a strange coalition for the purpose of driving the hated Minister from power. As Mr. GLADSTONE says, Lord DERBY was the first to denounce the China war, and he was cordially seconded by Mr. DISRAELI. Mr. CORDEN, Lord JOHN RUSSELL, and Mr. GLADSTONE united their forces with the Conservative leaders, and the Government was consequently placed in a minority. The result of the combination was nevertheless a severe disappointment to the confederates. Lord PALMERSTON appealed to the country which understood that the Chinese vote had been really intended as a censure on the prosecution of the Crimean war to a successful issue. The coalition was scattered to the winds; Mr. CORDEN and Mr. BRIGHT were temporarily excluded from Parliament; and Lord PALMERSTON returned with a large majority, pledged to nothing but to the support of the Government. The nation had on this occasion been as warlike as the most ambitious of agents abroad. Mr. GLADSTONE took occasion to correct the error which had been zealously cultivated by his partisans, without protest from himself, that Lord BEACONSFIELD'S policy, whatever may have been its merits, was in any respect unconstitutional. Two or three years ago Liberal politicians countenanced the fallacies of a factious pamphlet, written to prove that the Ministers had unduly strained the prerogative of the Crown. It was for the time difficult to convince heated opponents of the Government that the predominance of a Minister with a large majority conformed to the strictest requisitions of constitutional propriety. The pamphleteer almost succeeded in his object of making the QUEEN personally responsible for her conscientious deference to the advice of her responsible Minister. Mr. GLADSTONE now reminds the House that Lord BEACONSFIELD and his colleagues rather checked than stimulated the patriotic zeal of the House of Commons. Of the feeling itself he consistently disapproves, but he rightly distributed the blame or praise which may be due. The only security against a turbulent policy is, according to Mr. GLADSTONE, the cultivation of a moderate, just, and pacific temper, by those who from time to time direct the councils of the nation. No objection can be taken to his doctrine if justice and prudence are combined with a delicate and resolute regard for the rights, the welfare, and the honour of the country. Tame submission to wrong is the worst of all methods of attempting to preserve the peace.

THE OCCUPATION OF BISERTA.

THE French have occupied without resistance the little town of Biserta. Four ironclads appeared off the town on Sunday, demanding that the place should be given up, and it was given up. This is much the most important step taken since the French troops crossed the frontier. Tabarca, it now appears, was not taken without resistance, as the Governor of the place would not go away without doing some damage to those who were bombarding forts belonging to his master with whom the bombardiers were at peace. He had been directed by the BEY to retire without fighting, but the temptation to fire at those who were firing at him was too strong. He may safely calculate that when the war is over his master will not resent his disobedience with any great severity. Kef made no resistance, but it only surrendered on the display of overwhelming force. The French artillery was in position, and was ready to open fire when the Governor complied with a summons to yield. These were distinct acts of war against a ruler with whom France claims to be at peace. But then it might be plau-

sibly contended that the occupation of Tabarca and Kef were measures indispensable for subduing the Kroumirs. The BEY would not co-operate with France in punishing the Kroumirs, and when France announced that it would take on itself the whole task of inflicting punishment, the points necessary for carrying out the process had to be occupied, whether the BEY consented to the occupation or not. But occupying Biserta is quite a different thing. Biserta is far away from the Kroumir country, and there can be no connexion between occupying it and putting down tribes in a totally different part of the territory of Tunis. The French Government must have had motives for ordering the occupation of Biserta which were only very indirectly connected with what it still alleges to be the sole object of its enterprise. Biserta, although far away from the Kroumirs, is not far from the capital of the BEY, and the principal object in seizing on Biserta must have been to overawe the BEY. If he dare, he would undoubtedly do his best to help the Kroumirs, and a large portion of his subjects is burning to take vengeance on the invaders. It may have seemed to the French Government that the surest way to keep the BEY and his subjects quiet was to seize on a point which showed that France could easily operate at the same time against the Kroumirs and against Tunis itself. But this was not the only gain in occupying Biserta. France has had to decide whether it will permit the Porte to intervene as the Suzerain of Tunis, and it has decided that it will not. It does not recognize that the Porte has any more authority over Tunis than over Morocco. In such a controversy words might follow words, and despatch might follow despatch, and nothing be settled. A rapid and effectual mode of giving a practical turn to the discussion suggested itself in the occupation of a town so far away from the scene of the main expedition that the authority of the Porte would be distinctly challenged; and it would have to own that, if it chose to claim the BEY as its vassal, it could do nothing to protect him.

The occupation of Biserta caused great and natural commotion in Italy. Biserta is a poor deserted place, but it possesses a harbour which in old days was famous, which might probably be made as good as it ever was at no great expense, and which is in very unpleasant proximity to Sicily. If the French permanently hold Biserta, it would be to the Italians much the same thing as if they held Tunis itself. Possibly the French Government was not displeased with the reflection that, if it was overawing the BEY and challenging the Porte, it was also frightening Italy. The contest at Tunis between France and Italy has been not only a political but a personal one. The French Consul has done all he can to spite the Italian Consul, and the Italian Consul has worked his hardest to spite the French Consul. One of the complaints most frequently and persistently made by the French Consul has been that his Italian rival had printed in Sardinia an Arabic journal intended for distribution among the Tunisian Arabs, in which everything was said that could be imagined to incite the common people of Tunis against the French, and to prepare it for a rising against them. The French Consul-General has now, as he says, got hold of the agent employed for the purpose, and is able, as he alleges, to tell the whole story of the concoction and gratuitous distribution of this journal. The French theory is, that the border tribes partly harass and partly incite to disaffection the Algerian Arabs, that the border tribes are pushed on by the country population of Tunis, that this population is pushed on by the Italian Consul and his paper, that the Italian Consul is supported by the PRIME MINISTER, and that the PRIME MINISTER guides the BEY. The occupation of Biserta was therefore probably intended to break this chain of impulse at the point where higher influences began to tell on the country population. The Italian Consul is not likely to acknowledge that he has done all his rival says he has done; but, so far as he could not help acknowledging it, he would naturally defend himself on the ground that France claimed an exclusive interest in Tunis to which it was not in any way entitled, and that he had to counteract the excessive and unjust influence in the best way he could. But this would only make conspicuous the great advantage which France has in all controversies as to Tunis. Other Powers can only point to future political dangers. They can insist on the impolicy of violent action which may lead to disturbance in Europe, or can base their arguments

on the general necessity of maintaining the balance of power in the Mediterranean. France can point to a pressing immediate local danger. She can say that Tunis hinders her in the work of governing and civilizing Algeria. It may not be easy to prove, but it is still harder to disprove, that the real danger to Algeria comes, not from a handful of Kroumirs, but from the stirring up of an Arab population against France, which has a contiguous Arab population of its own. The meaning of the punishment of the Kroumirs thus attains new and large proportions. The Kroumirs are not to be merely punished, but rendered permanently incapable of doing harm. To ensure this, those who push them on must be made to feel that they, too, are under the strong hand of France; and to make them feel this the French have occupied Biserta.

Italy, however, whether she dislikes the occupation of Biserta or not, can do nothing directly and for herself. When Signor CAIROLI resigned because the Chamber pronounced him not to have taken a line towards France sufficiently bold, when it was proved that no one could be found to succeed him, and he had to be reinstated in power, it was made evident that Italy was not really prepared to take a bold line with France, and could find no Power to support her in taking it. Italy has accordingly now put herself, so to speak, under the shelter of England. It is to England that assurances are given of the objects of the Tunis expedition, and it is from England that Italy learns what these assurances are. Sir CHARLES DILKE has been asked in the House of Commons whether he thinks that the permanent annexation of Biserta would be consistent with the assurances given by France, and he had but one reply to give—that it would not be consistent. There is not the slightest reason to suppose that France means to declare that it has annexed Biserta. The French Government has intimated that it hopes, when the Chamber reassembles, to be able to state that the objects of the expedition have been attained. The operations of the French troops have been delayed by deluges of rain, but directly the weather permits the final operations against the Kroumirs can be rapidly despatched. The different divisions are now so posted that they can converge to a central point, to which it is expected that the Kroumirs will be driven. The Kroumirs may not consent to be driven to a central point, and may slip away, but the converging divisions will sweep the country and destroy at once the humble possessions of the tribes and all power of resistance. The fighting power of the Kroumirs was gone when they found that Tabarca and Kef were occupied, in spite of the protests of the BEY. They may choose to die fighting or not, and they may possibly keep up a lingering guerilla warfare after they are nominally subdued, but the main military operation of the French will have been undertaken and performed. But the French Government has not only to deal with the Kroumirs, but with the BEY. It will be sure to demand that he shall give sufficient pledges that there shall be no more danger to Algeria from Tunis. What it will ask for will be limited by the necessity of showing to other Powers, and especially to England, that it can be plausibly connected with danger to Algeria; but within these limits it will be very possible for France to make demands which the BEY will be unwilling to grant. There is no chance of his granting anything before the French Chamber meets, and in this sense it is impossible that the Tunis affair should be by that time at an end. He will refer to the Porte, and the Porte will refer to the Powers, and the Powers will refer to France, and France will say that it has nothing to do with the Porte, and will only deal with the BEY himself. Negotiations will drag on, but meantime the French will hold Biserta; and, if the BEY does not choose to come to terms, they will hold it until he does. The occupation of Biserta may be thus said to have been devised with a view to the meeting of the French Chamber, as well as for other objects. If the weather changes, and the troops can operate in the next few days, the French Government may be able to say to the Chamber that it has virtually accomplished its purpose; for the main military operation will be over, the time for negotiations will have come, and France will hold a substantial guarantee for the satisfactory issue of these negotiations.

THE WELSH SUNDAY CLOSING BILL.

THE venerable objection to admitting the thin end of the wedge turns out to have more force in it than it has lately been the fashion to suppose. It seemed sensible enough to say that each case in which it was proposed to make a change in the law ought to be determined on its own merits. The fact that there were good reasons for making the change in the particular instance would not necessitate making it in any other instance, unless the reasons in favour of it were equally good. Unfortunately, there are a great many people with whom a precedent is of more weight than any number of arguments. If a thing has been done once, they are perfectly satisfied that it should be done again. The House of Commons was under the influence of this sentiment on Wednesday, when it read the Welsh Sunday Closing Bill a second time. What has become of the stout resistance that not long ago was offered to a similar measure for Ireland? It has disappeared before the irresistible consideration that what has been conceded to Scotland and Ireland cannot be refused to Wales. The unhappy FORBES-MACKENZIE Act is at the bottom of the whole business. Parliament consented to pass that ill-omened measure, in the belief that Scotland was so unlike any other country that legislation might safely be settled to its sole and separate use. It now appears that, whatever other differences may exist between Scotland and the rest of the United Kingdom, Scotch, Irish, and English fanaticism are all cut out of the same piece. No two nations could seem more unlike than the Scotch and the Irish; but, so soon as the agitation in favour of closing public-houses got possession of them, they became virtually indistinguishable. Now Dissenting Wales has followed in the footsteps of Presbyterian Scotland and Catholic Ireland. The difference of religion seems to count for absolutely nothing. Irishmen are not inclined to Sabbatarianism; Welshmen are. Irishmen see no harm in crowding the pleasures of a whole week into the Sunday; Welshmen rather regard it as a day on which it specially becomes them to afflict their souls. But neither the creed which teaches men that Sunday is a feast, nor the creed which persuades them that it ought to be a fast, can find any place in its system for the public-house. That is equally condemned by both. When it has been shown that a certain percentage, real or imaginary, of Welshmen have signified their assent to Mr. ROBERTS's Bill, those who voted for the Scotch and Irish measures feel that it would be impossible to explain in a way which will satisfy Welshmen their motives for not voting for the Welsh Bill. The consequence is that it is read a second time by an overwhelming majority, and has every chance of being allowed, as Mr. GLADSTONE puts it, "honourably and kindly to take its place in the Statute Book." What is permitted in the case of Wales will next perhaps be demanded on behalf of some English county. If Wales is different from England, so is the South of England different from the North, and the manufacturing districts from the agricultural. The moment that it seems possible to get a majority of the ratepayers anywhere to say that they wish to see public-houses closed on Sundays, Sir WILFRID LAWSON will not be wanting to the occasion. It was very well for Colonel MAKINS to make it "clearly understood" on Wednesday that, though he did not oppose Mr. ROBERTS's Bill, he "must not be expected" to abstain from offering opposition to a proposal to apply the same measure to England; but, whether it is expected of him or not, it is pretty certain that, when the critical moment comes, he will not offer it. The particular county for which it is proposed to legislate will be found to be marked off in quite a remarkable way from all its neighbours; and after this plea has been listened to in a certain number of instances, the advocates of Sunday closing will once more become impressed with the advantages of uniformity, and the remaining counties will have their public-houses closed, in order that they may not constitute an anomalous exception to the rest.

It is not often that we find ourselves in complete agreement with Mr. PETER TAYLOR. But his speech on Wednesday was characterized by a really refreshing savour of common sense. He would not allow that any conceivable case could under any conceivable circumstances be made out for Mr. ROBERTS's Bill. If all Wales was in favour of it, then there was no need to do by law what the Welsh were prepared to do without law. If there was a considerable minority against it, that minority ought not

to be tyrannized over by the majority. If the minority were a small one, it was all the more necessary to give it legislative protection against the majority. Mr. TAYLOR has not yet come to see the beauty of legislation which makes the State interfere with one set of individuals because another and larger set wish to have their own theories of life invested with the force of law. His Radicalism is evidently behind the time, and he has much to learn from those bolder spirits who take no pleasure in doing, or abstaining from doing, a thing themselves unless they can compel some one else to follow their example. Mr. GLADSTONE and the *Times* are pleased to say that Sunday closing, like closing at a certain hour at night, is simply a question of police. That depends in a great measure upon the motives by which the supporters of the Bill are actuated. The part played by the police in the regulation of the traffic in strong drink is justified by the disastrous effect which that traffic sometimes exercises on public order. If public-houses were open all night, for example, the confusion that would ensue might easily pass beyond police control. If it could be contended that Welshmen are so exceptionally constituted that one glass of liquor, when taken on a Sunday, qualifies them, one and all, for immediate admission to a police-cell, it is possible that Mr. ROBERTS's Bill might be the only remedy of which the case would admit. But the Welsh members who spoke on Wednesday vied with one another in describing Wales as a moral paradise. Mr. RATHBONE could "say unhesitatingly that there was no part of the United Kingdom in which the law was more implicitly obeyed or in which there were fewer offences against it than in Wales." Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN declared that "crime is almost as unknown in Wales as Conservatism." Mr. JAMES pointed with conscious pride to the fact that in Wales the churches and chapels are full, while the gaols are empty. It is surprising that, when Wales is already thus perfect, her representatives are not afraid of meddling with the happy combination of conditions which has made her so. Perhaps it may turn out that the Sunday visit to the public-house is the source not of the rare instances of Welsh vice, but of the customary plethora of Welsh virtue. Mr. ROBERTS may yet discover that he has been wrong in striving to gild refined gold, and to make Welshmen more lovely and of better report than they already are. It might be safer to treat the momentary backsliding of the Sunday, when the open door of a public-house suggests that society and refreshment are to be had within, as a useful check upon spiritual pride. When such a picture as this can be painted of the principality, it is almost a contradiction in terms to speak of Sunday closing as a question of police. The very word suggests disorder and violence, and there can be little room for either in the daily life of Welshmen. Consequently, the motives of Mr. ROBERTS and his friends must be looked for in quite other directions than that indicated by Mr. GLADSTONE. If the hearty supporters of the Bill could be subjected to analysis, it would probably be found that one-half of them were total abstainers and the other half fanatical devotees of Sabbath observance. The former regard Sunday closing as a useful stepping-stone to closing on week-days; the latter are bent upon giving effect to their peculiar convictions in entire disregard of the convenience of the community.

It is needless to say that there is not one of the arguments used in support of Sunday closing which would not be equally applicable to Sir WILFRID LAWSON's pet scheme of closing public-houses altogether wherever the district in which they are situated is in favour of it. Indeed, Sir WILFRID LAWSON may point to Mr. GLADSTONE's speech as showing a very marked advance in the direction in which he wishes him to go. "The question," he said, "when it comes to be decided for England, will have to be decided with reference to the public opinion of England." This admission really involves everything that Sir WILFRID LAWSON can care to establish. "Local opinion," Mr. GLADSTONE declares, "ought to have considerable weight"; and Wales is modest in claiming only to have her public-houses closed on Sundays and not on week-days as well. If local opinion is really to have considerable weight in deciding how many public-houses there shall be, and for how many hours in the day they shall remain open, we do not see that it can be got at better than in the way which Sir WILFRID LAWSON suggests. Indeed, a Local Option Bill, whenever it is introduced, will have some recommendations which are wanting to

a Sunday Closing Bill. The one proposes to close public-houses on Sundays over the whole area to which it relates; the other will only propose to give the rate-payers of each district leave to close so many of them as they like, and at such times as they like. It will not be hard to make out that Parliament is less committed by this latter proposal than by the former. If Mr. GLADSTONE lives long enough, he will probably be found maintaining that even a Maine Liquor Law is only a question of police.

GERMANY.

PRINCE BISMARCK, who is never quite himself unless he is quarrelling with some one, has selected as his last victim a body comparatively so humble as the Municipality of Berlin. He has this time been wounded in his pocket, and he screams out, bullies, and threatens with all his wonted vivacity and recklessness. It is a pleasure to him, as it was to the First NAPOLEON, to ascertain, by practical experience, how much every one around him can be made to stand. He has pondered long and deeply on human nature, and he has assured himself that human nature will stand anything if it is once sufficiently frightened. NAPOLEON was simply brutal, not only to the men, but to the women, who composed his singular Court; but he brought home to them every day and every hour that it was only through him that they had any existence at all above that of a day labourer. The indispensable man can charge what he pleases for being indispensable. The offence of the Berlin Municipality was that it had rated Prince BISMARCK's official residence at the value which it would have possessed in private hands. The PRINCE, in reply, hinted broadly that Berlin was a nest of Progressists, and that the Progressists in office used their petty power to put a specially heavy tax on his house because they hated him. But this was so plainly a question of figures, and so capable of easy disproof, that he had to merge his grievance in that of the 250 and odd Government officials at Berlin who all have residences allotted to them, and all have to pay in taxes more than in proportion to their salaries. Little pay and a fine house to spend it on is an inconvenience in many ways, and the disadvantages of useless splendour are brought home to a poor man when he is taxed as if he had money enough to live comfortably in a house far too big for him. It might be supposed that the remedy was in the hands of the Government, which could curtail the magnificence of the residences of its officials, or give them better salaries, or simply pay the taxes which inadequate salaries do not enable them to meet. But Prince BISMARCK did not want to make an equitable arrangement for the officials, but to snub his enemies, the Town-Councillors of Berlin. He therefore brought in a Bill providing that Government officials should not be taxed to an extent exceeding ten per cent. of their salaries. He got a Committee to agree to this, with the substitution of fifteen per cent. for ten, and he got his proposal, thus modified, accepted by a majority of six on a division in the Reichsrath. This was not much of a victory, but he got an opportunity of launching his thunderbolts at his enemies. The Progressists of Berlin had offended him, and must be brought to their senses, and he let them know that there was much more in store for them than an alteration in the law regulating the tax on houses. He foreshadowed the awful doom that was hanging over them and the unruly city which they mismanaged, but only too faithfully represented. He had it in his mind to deprive Berlin of the august presence of the Reichsrath. It should no longer be the seat of the Imperial Parliament. Germany, and all that is great and wise in Germany, should no longer flock to Berlin, but to some very humble place like Cassel. There is no Progressist ring there to vex the CHANCELLOR's soul; there are no gorgeous houses on which iniquitous taxes could be levied. Peace and simplicity reign at Cassel, and to Cassel the Imperial Parliament would go, leaving impatient Berlin to mourn its loss, if the CHANCELLOR chose to give the order he threatened.

No one, not even the Germans who treasure up Prince BISMARCK's words as oracles, thought that this time the great man was quite serious. It is not a very easy matter practically to change the seat of a Parliament. Ministers, and the vast tribe of officials under

them, cannot work at all unless they are close to their offices, and, with the Court and the Ministerial offices at Berlin and the Parliament at Cassel, no business could be got through in Parliament. No serious attention could be paid to the threat of Prince BISMARCK; but, what is really remarkable in it is, not the threat to Berlin implied in it—for the PRINCE is equally ready to threaten the highest and the lowest of mankind—but the strange estimate of the worth and dignity of the Imperial Parliament which it revealed. It seems never to have occurred to Prince BISMARCK that the Parliament would have to say whether it wished to leave Berlin and go to Cassel. He might not, after all, do anything so awful as ride away from Berlin; but he took it as a matter of course that, if he did ride away, the Parliament would merely touch its hat, and ride, like his groom, behind him. He did not appear to have the slightest desire to insult or annoy the Parliament, but his mind was so thoroughly pervaded by a low opinion of the Parliament, that it never occurred to him that it could be insulted or annoyed. The Reichsrath is fast lapsing into a very poor specimen of a Parliament. It is becoming what is called in Russia a jelly-like institution. It is flabby and incoherent. It is supremely bored by the tedium of its existence. Early in the Session there was a proposal which, it might have been thought, would have awakened up any Parliament—that it should only meet every other year. There was no quorum; so the discussion could not go on. Just before Easter there was to be a great investigation into the advisability of making drunkenness more severely punishable; and what could be more interesting in a land of beer? Again there was no quorum and no discussion. The CHANCELLOR'S great Bill for helping the insurance of artisans by State aid has got into a Committee, but nothing seems able to get it out. He himself has announced that he does not see any prospect of the Bill passing this Session; and he only got his majority of six for his Bill to reduce the taxation of his house by the assistance of the Clerical party, who acknowledged in this way that he had not been plaguing them recently so much as usual. On one occasion, and on one only, the Reichsrath has this Session taken the initiative, and acted with the weight of a decisive and united majority. Shortly after the assassination of the CZAR, it resolved to ask the Government to take steps with all other Governments for the detection and punishment of intending or actual assassins. But it was only unanimous and decided because it conceived it to be no part of its business to examine what steps could be taken. If it had stayed till it ascertained what it meant, there would have soon been no quorum. To think or to act is not the sort of business that will take provincial lotus-eaters to Berlin. It happened, however, to fall in with the views of Prince BISMARCK that he should be thus called on to do something. In concert with Russia he wished to make a new European combination against the revolutionary party, and he sounded the other leading Governments on the subject. The scheme, if it ever attained consistency enough to deserve to be called a scheme, has now fallen through. England and France refused to have anything to do with it, and, encouraged by their example, Italy, and even Austria, have joined in the refusal. The reason why the scheme collapsed is obvious. If a foreigner, having murdered, or attempted to murder, a sovereign abroad, comes to England, and sufficient evidence of his guilt is given to satisfy a magistrate, he is handed over. If while in England he contrives himself, or incites others to contrive, the murder of a foreign sovereign, he commits an offence for which, if a jury finds him guilty, he is punishable, and ought to be duly punished, by English law. All beyond this is a matter, not of law, but of police, and independent nations cannot let their police do the work of the police of foreigners.

Apart from Prince BISMARCK and the Reichsrath, German life still flows on, showing, like the life of other nations, sometimes its good and sometimes its bad side. The Anti-Semitic agitation still continues, and Prince BISMARCK is too well aware of its probable influence at the coming elections to quarrel with it openly. He said lately, in the Reichsrath, that he did not himself approve of it, but that he had, he owned, sent a most polite message in answer to a telegram telling him of the success of a meeting of Jew-haters. He had sent this message, not because he hated the Jews, but because he was a most polite man, and was always polite to every one. This seems a wonderful tax

on the credulity of his hearers, but there is no reason to suppose that he meant to say anything but what was to him an obvious truth. He has got an ideal BISMARCK, in whose existence he firmly believes; and, probably, if there is one thing in the world of which he is profoundly convinced, it is that he is a courteous Christian hero. But Germans have other and better things to think of than bullying the Jews. In the first place, there are their forecasts of weather. The PRINCE and the Progressists actually shook hands the other day over meteorology. They stood reconciled on the neutral ground of the North Pole. It appears that the Germans make forecasts of weather, which are only wrong once in every four times, and they do not understand how wonderfully lucky they are to be so often right. Their scientific men have suggested that almost absolute correctness might be attained if only a new series of stations was established going as far towards the North Pole as practicable. Prince BISMARCK was quite touched with the proposal, and promised to do all in his power to carry it out. The Germans are really great travellers, and show much courage and patience in distant and dangerous expeditions. One of their celebrities, Dr. LETZ, has just returned from a very successful, although difficult, wandering from Tangier to Timbuctoo, and not only has he done the things which travellers in that part of the world often fail to do, but he has had the satisfaction, so dear to the scientific mind, of exploding two popular errors. He has knocked all the poetry out of Timbuctoo, and has reduced its ancient or fabled magnificence down to an assemblage of huts with a starving and inconsiderable population. Then he has, so to speak, barred the flooding of the Sahara and the creation of a vast inland sea by ascertaining the simple fact that the Sahara is not a basin at all, but a plateau or succession of hills far above the level of the Mediterranean. Germans pride themselves, and most legitimately, on their men of science, and they will duly appreciate and enjoy these results of the labours of Dr. LETZ. But they pride themselves still more on their princes, and they have just had an opportunity of showing how deep and effusive this pride in their sovereigns can be. The Duke of BRUNSWICK has now reigned for fifty years, and the day of his jubilee has been kept with rapture by Brunswick and by Germany. Nothing, it is said, could have been more touching, more hearty, more German, than the outburst of love and loyalty displayed in the quiet city of Brunswick both by those who lived and by those who came there. The peculiarity of the DUKE'S life and the secret of his intense popularity in the evening of his life seems to have been that for fifty years he has done nothing. He has hurt no one and helped no one, and the people among whom he lived hardly knew him by sight. When at last, after fifty years of residence, he actually went about the streets of his capital in a close carriage, it was natural that the rapture of the most rapturous of people should overflow, that flowers should be strewn in his path, and blessings invoked on his venerable head.

SOUTH AFRICA.

THE Cape Colonists are in a happier condition than their neighbours in the East; for peace is concluded with the Basutos, while the negotiations for the settlement of the Transvaal are beginning with little prospect of a satisfactory issue. Mr. SPRIGG has defeated, by a narrow majority, a vote of censure on the policy and conduct of a war which seems to have been unnecessary, but which has been prosecuted with creditable energy. It is thought that the Basutos would have accepted, in the first instance, the nominal compromise which he embodied in the terms of peace. They now agree to disarmament with the understanding that, on the payment of the considerable tax of 1*l.*, any native who is not suspected of illicit designs may retain his rifle. It may be confidently conjectured that the Basutos in general will keep their weapons without incurring the cost of a licence; but, although the peace imposes on them but a nominal sacrifice, there is reason to suppose that they were tired of the war. Their principal chief put an end to hostilities by surrendering himself on the sole condition that the English Governor should arbitrate on his case. The Basutos had perhaps arrived at the conviction that they would be beaten in the long run,

although the colonial troops had not achieved any decisive success. Both parties may perhaps be better friends after a contest which proves that the civilized combatant is on the whole the stronger, and that the Basutos have the means of making themselves formidable or troublesome. The nominal claim of the Home Government to interfere at the close of the war for the protection of the natives may be conveniently waived, since it has been ascertained that oppression cannot be practised with impunity. Mr. SPRIGG and the party which maintains him in office have displayed considerable firmness of purpose in dispensing throughout the contest with Imperial aid. It is evident that, although responsible government may have been prematurely introduced, it could not have been long withheld from colonists who are prepared to fight their own battles.

The debate which ended in the acquittal of the Ministers may perhaps have represented a certain feeling of antagonism between the English and Dutch races in the colony. The Cape Boers have never been earnest in the war; and a contingent which they furnished to the army took occasion to retire from the field in the middle of a battle. The Dutch colonists have not been pre-eminently well disposed to the natives; but they may have wished to drive Mr. SPRIGG and his colleagues from office. As far as the conflict was a result of rivalry of blood and language, it is satisfactory to learn that the English interest has prevailed. Mr. SPRIGG, who is urged by his adversaries to take the opinion of the constituencies on his policy, will probably not follow unfriendly advice. The Dutch are a majority in the western provinces, and, perhaps, in the colony as a whole; and recent events in South Africa may possibly have produced a feeling of uneasiness tending to disaffection. There is no response to the appeal of the Transvaal Boers to the non-English inhabitants of the colony. A South African Republic from which English settlers were to be excluded is still only proposed by agitators in the Transvaal. The section of the community which promoted and managed the Basuto war would not be easily expelled from its property and its native land. Demagogues always exaggerate the dangers and the imminence of the civil conflicts which they foretell and provoke. The colonists of Dutch, French, and German descent may not be enthusiastically devoted to the English Crown, but they have never shown a disposition to rebel. Some of them may, perhaps, have read with surprised amusement the warnings of English alarmists, who are more ethnological in their political theories than the mixed population of the Cape. The warlike native tribes, though they have nothing to say to political controversies, exercise an unconscious pressure on the people of the colony. Europeans, if they were otherwise disposed to quarrel, could not prudently engage in civil war while a third belligerent stood ready to take part with one of the principals or to profit by the weakness of both.

It is possible that the same forces may exercise an influence on the settlement which is, under almost insuperable difficulties, to be attempted in the Transvaal. Before the conclusion of the hurried peace the English generals rightly declined to avail themselves of the offered services of the natives. Uncivilized allies cannot be restrained from acts for which those who accept their services are held responsible. A century ago CHATHAM denounced the English Ministers for employing against the rebels those "horrible hellhounds of war," the Red Indians of North America. In the present day opinion is still more scrupulous; and it is felt that civilized men have a common interest in repressing the efforts of savages. Even if war with the Boers breaks out again, in spite of the exertions and sacrifices of the English Government, it would not be permissible to enlist the natives in the cause; but experience has already shown that they are fully alive to the danger which threatens themselves from the re-establishment of Boer dominion. To them the English Government, which has in all parts of the world treated uncivilized subjects with humanity, is the representative of law and justice. If the evidence of correspondents on the spot may be trusted, the natives, who are far more numerous than the white inhabitants, are preparing for war with the Boers as the alternative of English protection. A chief who is said to be able to bring 3,000 men into the field protected English refugees and loyal Boers during the war, and announced his intention of repelling any attempt to interfere with his guests. When the province is

evacuated by the Government authorities, it is not impossible that English adventurers who will probably have suffered gross injustice may not be too squeamish to direct the unskilled strategy of the natives. The inhabitants of the villages and petty towns will welcome any confederates who may defend them against the violence of the Boers, or who may avenge their wrongs. It is said that in some places both the English and those Boers who had submitted willingly to the annexation are arming for the protection of their lives and property. The Boers are probably more than a match for the dissentients; but they would be grievously embarrassed by a simultaneous native war. The Government, with the rashness which usually accompanies extreme timidity, threw away the opportunity of making reasonable terms of peace, while they could have supported the negotiations by an overwhelming display of force. The only chance of bringing the triumphant insurgents to reason is furnished by the probability of armed resistance on the part of the loyal settlers and of the natives.

Sir HERCULES ROBINSON, who had been detained at Cape Town by the arrangements for peace with the Basutos, has now proceeded to Natal, where the negotiations will commence on his arrival. The difficulty of ascertaining whether the Boers have any representatives with whom a binding settlement can be effected will not be admitted, since the Imperial Government has already made peace with the members of the so-called Triumvirate. It is, perhaps, not surprising that, even if the self-appointed rulers are sincere in their pacific professions, they have not been able to restrain their countrymen from acts of insolent violence. The former Boer Republic had an anarchic organization, and the principal objection of the insurgents to English administration was that it was comparatively regular and energetic. No contradiction is offered to detailed statements of plunder and of forcible expulsion of loyal English subjects. The Ministers at home apparently persuaded themselves that they were negotiating with a homogeneous community, which was nearly unanimous in its wish for independence. They forgot the English; they forgot the well-affected Dutch; and it was perhaps natural that they should overlook the existence of the natives. Every life which is sacrificed in consequence of the precipitate and discreditable peace will be attributable as blood-guiltiness to the Government. If a doubtful report has any foundation, it would seem that the Minister who is primarily, or at least nominally, responsible has repented of the policy which was perhaps forced upon him by superior authority. Lord KIMBERLEY, according to one account, now proposes to substitute responsible government of the modern colonial type for independence. It is scarcely worth while to consider the merits of a policy which will certainly not be accepted by the Boers. Sovereignty over a self-governing colony is an ambiguous title or prerogative, but suzerainty is invented for the express purpose of being absolutely unmeaning. The Boers consider the restoration of the Republic as the promised reward of victory, and they will not be contented with any smaller concession. It is possible that they may calculate too confidently on the patience of the English nation, if not on the indulgence of the English PRIME MINISTER. KRUGER, PRETORIUS, and their associates will be well advised in discouraging outrages on loyal inhabitants, as long as a considerable English force is within reach. They may probably have been inclined to comply with the demand of Sir EVELYN WOOD that the garrison of Potchefstroom shall be reinstated in possession; but Mr. GLADSTONE has since considerably informed them that they must either receive the garrison or make some other reparation. They will not be able to restore to life a certain number of English soldiers who were killed in consequence of the perfidious conduct of the Boer leader; but they may by this time have learned that they cannot overrate the anxiety of the English Government, or of its chief, to terminate the controversy on almost any conditions. Parliament will perhaps be allowed to form and express a judgment on the policy which has been pursued, when its results have become inevitable. The obstinacy of the Boers in the matter of Potchefstroom is rewarded by the indefinite postponement of Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH's motion of censure.

THE LAW OF DISTRESS.

THE present House of Commons is not of Lord MELBOURNE'S mind, that most things are better let alone. It does not require before it legislates to see clearly that the state of things which it proposes to introduce will be at least better than the state of things which it proposes to disturb. There are many questions upon which the action of Parliament will always be decided by the consideration whether it is wiser to abolish a law against which a fair case can be shown, or to retain it until it is proved that a more satisfactory law can be put in its place. Mr. PELL put the facts about distress for rent very clearly when he said that though such a law would not now be enacted for the first time, this was not in itself a sufficient reason for repealing it. Like most laws which are neither entirely wholly good nor wholly bad, it has had some unforeseen results, and the controversy on Tuesday, so far as it was influenced by argument, turned on the issue whether these unforeseen results had made it worth retaining. Very few, however, of the speakers paid much attention to this side of the question. Some of them were too deeply pledged to the tenant-farmers among their constituents to be willing to listen to any plea for delay. For them the law of distress was doomed beforehand. Even with the more independent county members, the fact that the tenant-farmers are for the most part hostile to the law had necessarily considerable weight. They are too important an element in most counties for their opinions not to be taken into account. The members of the late Government lay under a special disadvantage in being the authors of an Act abolishing the Scotch law of hypothec, which differed indeed from the English law of distress in being more stringent, but closely resembled it in principle. When allowance has been made for these several hindrances to full discussion, it will be seen that the debate was not likely to bring out the arguments on either side to much purpose. Perhaps its most interesting feature was the evidence it afforded that the Government have still a good deal of lee-way to make up before their English policy will stand on the same heroic level as their Irish policy. It is singular to find one of the authors of the Disturbance Bill admitting as a matter of course that the landlord ought to have some effective means of recovering possession of his land if he fails to get his rent. Possession of his land was the last thing which Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT was willing in 1880 to give an Irish landlord; but, even in 1881, he still holds that in England land belongs to the owner and not to the tenant. How long he may remain in this benighted state is another matter, but we should be inclined to say no longer than the birth of an English land question.

The one thing that seems to be admitted as regards the law of distress is that it has a tendency to lessen the disadvantage at which a tenant without capital is naturally placed by the side of a tenant with capital. The extent to which it had this tendency, and the benefit to be derived from such a tendency so far as it existed, were much disputed. As to the first point, much probably depends on the character, and something on the circumstances, of the landlord. A man who is neither imprudent nor needy will, under no circumstances, be disposed to let his land to a farmer whom he does not believe to be likely to do justice to the land. He knows, indeed, that the law of distress gives him security against the loss of his rent, and so far makes it a matter of indifference to him whether his tenant is steadily growing richer or is on his way to the Bankruptcy Court. But he knows also that the value of the land does not depend only on the certainty with which the rent can be recovered, and that, in the long run, it is most profitable to have only solvent tenants. Now solvency is not entirely a matter of capital; character has to do with it as well, and the prudent landlord who lets a farm to a tenant without capital does so rather from his knowledge of his character than from his ability to levy a distress upon his goods. But Mr. COURTNEY pushes this argument too far when he maintains that, if the law of distress is abolished, small farmers will be trusted by their landlords in the future as they have been in the past. As the law stands the landlord is guaranteed against immediate loss if he makes a mistake, and it is impossible to say beforehand how much influence the abolition of this guarantee may exert upon a landlord's conduct. He now says to himself, I must remember, if I let my farm to a man without capital, to make careful inquiries as to his

antecedents, so as to ensure myself in every possible way against being saddled with a tenant who will only do harm to the land during the time that he remains on it. Still, if, after taking all this trouble, I find that I have misjudged my man, I shall not be positively out of pocket by him. The land may be something the worse when he leaves the farm than when he enters upon it; but I shall not suffer any actual money loss. It is quite possible that this last reflection may have an appreciable weight with a landlord. Speculation, when the worst that can happen to you is to make no profits, is a more attractive pursuit than speculation which may end in making a considerable loss. Deterioration of land is diminution of capital, but loss of rent is diminution of income; and, provided that the extent of the former injury is slight, it comes home to a man very much less than the latter. At present, when a landlord is hesitating between a promising tenant without capital and a tenant of whom he perhaps knows nothing beyond the fact that he has capital, his choice may be determined by the recollection that, if he chooses the former and then finds that promise is not performance, the rent at all events will be secure. If this security is taken away, a landlord may be more apt than he is now to say that, after all, capital is a certainty, while character is to some extent a matter of chance.

Supposing, however, that the law of distress does help to put the tenant without capital on a level in the eyes of a landlord with the tenant who has capital, is this process one that ought to be encouraged? We may be glad to see small tenants holding their own by the side of their richer neighbours and bidding against them in the farm market; but are the results of their competition so satisfactory that it is desirable to maintain a law for the express reason that it multiplies cases in which such competition is possible? That is a point which will partly be determined by the circumstances of the landlord. There are needy landlords as well as needy tenants, and it is quite possible that the existence of the law of distress may encourage needy landlords to think of nothing but the amount of rent that is offered them. A tenant without capital may often do more in this way than a tenant with capital. For one thing, he has nothing to put into the land, and so has no return on his investments to allow for. For another thing, he is often more ignorant of his business, and consequently more hopeful of doing well in it, than a tenant with capital would be, and his offer to the landlord may square with his hopes rather than with any well-founded calculations. Again, his want of capital makes it more indispensable to him to have a farm. His only property is his labour, and such rule-of-thumb acquaintance with farming as he may have picked up, and these are not possessions that he can transfer to any other trade. To get a farm, therefore, is a matter of life and death to him—at least, it is the only thing that stands between him and the position of a day labourer. All these things taken together will often dispose a tenant without capital to offer a decidedly larger rent than would be offered by a tenant with capital. If the landlord is not needy, he takes all these circumstances into account, and decides that the risk of having a bad tenant is not compensated by the fact that at the worst the rent can be recovered by distress. But when the landlord is needy, and his paramount object in managing his land is to draw the largest possible income out of it, he may think—from his own special point of view he may even rightly think—that the risk is worth running. In this case the law acts as a direct encouragement to a class of tenants who do not in any way deserve to be encouraged.

This circumstance alone would account for the dislike which large farmers feel to the law of distress. They look upon it as handicapping them in the race. The inducements which they, and but for the law of distress they alone, could offer to a landlord can now be offered by men who have no capital to invest in the land, and consequently no natural security to offer for the payment of the rent. The law of distress creates an artificial security for this payment, and in this way puts large and small farmers on a level. Their dislike to the law is increased by the difficulty it puts in their way whenever they want to borrow money. In proportion as farming becomes an affair of capital, it becomes also an affair of credit. Even a really well-to-do farmer will at times want to spend more money on the land than he may have at the moment to spend. The law

of distress puts him in a worse position as regards a lender, whether of money or goods, than he would occupy if that law were repealed. The banker who makes him an advance, the implement-maker who lets him have costly agricultural machines on credit, would be prepared to deal with him on more favourable terms if the landlord had no more facilities than other creditors of recovering the debt due to him. As it is, if the farmer fails, the landlord helps himself to his goods, and it is only when his claims are fully discharged that the banker and the implement-maker are allowed to share in the distribution. Undoubtedly this operates as a very serious check upon a farmer's power of getting advances, and the more ambitious and energetic a farmer is, the more this check irritates him. That, as is said by well-informed observers, he is really the better for this check, inasmuch as it prevents him from borrowing more than he would be able to pay, is probably true; but this is one of those services for which no man ever was grateful or ever will be.

THE SMALL-POX EPIDEMIC.

THAT commonplace public which cares little for the susceptibilities of local authorities, and a great deal for the extinction of small-pox, will find itself in unwonted accord with the managers of the Metropolitan Asylums Board. At their meeting on Saturday it was stated that they were doing all they could to urge upon the Local Government Board the necessity of immediate legislation upon the questions raised by the Hampstead Hospital case. Unfortunately, it is extremely uncertain what amount of success their efforts will meet with. No doubt Mr. DODSON is full to overflowing of good intentions. An epidemic in London is the opportunity of the President of the Local Government Board. From that particular office the road to Fame's proud temple is peculiarly hard to climb. It is only once in the course of many years that its chief has the chance of associating his name with a Bill which will set people talking. Ordinarily, he is confined to the dull routine of departmental labour. When he enters the room in which Cabinet Councils are held he is expected to leave his business outside. His colleagues have to settle questions of war or peace, to pacify or coerce Ireland, to consider how Mr. BRADLAUGH may best be smuggled into Parliament. They have no ears for a Minister whose talk is, or should be, of drains, and whose thoughts are less occupied with the redistribution of land than with the supply of water. But, when London is visited with an outbreak of small-pox, even a Cabinet Minister, if he has not been revaccinated, may feel just alarm. It is true that death when he appears in this form is not perfectly equal in his dealings with the rich and with the poor. The one is pretty often taken, the other is usually left. But even this rule is not unfailing, and not even a Liberal politician can be perfectly certain that he himself may not prove an exception to it. In any ordinary Session, therefore, Mr. DODSON would have a very good chance of carrying his Bill. With the state of public business what it is, however, this chance is immeasurably less. There are limits to a Government's power of carrying out its good intentions, and the attitude of the managers of the Metropolitan Asylums Board puts Mr. DODSON in a position of considerable difficulty. If they were prepared to accept the judgment in the Hampstead Hospital case as virtually deciding a question of sanitary policy as well as one of sanitary law, there would be time enough between now and August to carry a Bill through Parliament. But the managers are not in the least prepared to take this view of their duties. They regard themselves as confessors in the cause of Public Health. They are powerless, as one of the managers said last Saturday, "on account of out-door hostility and the abstention of Parliament to do anything to help them." This view of the case entirely ignores the fact that this out-door hostility is directed not against the function of the Asylum Board, but simply against a particular reading of the duties which devolve upon it when discharging this function. From the report of the proceedings at the managers' last meeting it might be supposed that the inhabitants of London were unwilling to admit the existence of small-pox among them, or that they insisted on each case being treated in the patient's own home. It ought not to be necessary to say that this is an entire misrepresentation of the facts. It is only to a particular kind of hospital that objections have

been taken. The contention which underlay the Hampstead case—the contention which, unless the managers take care, may yet underlie a Fulham case—is that no district ought to be burdened with more than its own small-pox patients. If the managers of the Asylums Board had recognized the reasonableness of this view, they might have saved the public some money and some risk. It would have been easy to provide local accommodation for local wants, and the difficulty of isolating patients might have been appreciably less if isolation had involved only a short journey. Unfortunately, the managers refused to believe that there could possibly be two ways of dealing with small-pox patients. They must be brought together in large bodies, in some three or four large hospitals, and the districts in which these hospitals are situated must be made between them to bear the burden of all London. If the legislation which Mr. DODSON is called upon to introduce is to be animated by this spirit, its passage through the House of Commons will be by no means a matter of course. The inhabitants of the districts which it is proposed to convert into receptacles for the small-pox patients of all the districts round will offer as stout an opposition to it as they possibly can; and, weak as they may be by themselves, it is impossible to say how much sympathy their hard case may not evoke. In spite of all that the managers may say, the common-sense view of the matter is that neighbourhood makes all the difference in the world as regards the cure of sufferers from infectious disorders. Those who will readily recognize the duty of caring for disease when it arises at their doors will not be equally well disposed when the disease is intentionally brought to them from a distance.

It is probable, however, that, even if the managers of the Asylums Board had been willing to give effect to this distinction, additional legislation would still have been needed. If the inhabitants of Hampstead would have had an equal right to redress, supposing that the hospital had only contained Hampstead patients, it would have been altogether impossible to deal with such an epidemic as the present; and it is not at all certain that the inhabitants of Hampstead might not have had such a right. It is of the utmost importance, therefore, as regards the successful treatment of the disease, that the Metropolitan Asylums Board should be empowered, in conjunction with the local sanitary authorities, to make proper provision for the reception and isolation of all small-pox cases within the district in which the disease has shown itself. A Bill of this kind, if supported by the managers, might soon become law. A Bill of this kind not supported by the managers, or a Bill of a different kind to which great local opposition would be offered, might meet with very great difficulties. It has been suggested that the controversy between aggregation and multiplication of hospitals might be got over by sending the patients to floating hospitals, made out of old men-of-war, and moored in the lower part of the river. This scheme has the recommendation of combining the advantages of both methods of dealing with the disease. The patients are isolated in a few large hospitals, but no district is made to suffer by having one of these hospitals placed in its midst. Even the objection which is taken to the transport of patients from one part of London to another would be met to a great extent by this plan. In many cases a large part of the journey would be by water, and a very large section of London lies within a short distance of one or other bank of the Thames. Once transferred from the steam-tender to the hospital-ship the small-pox patient would give no further trouble, and in the fresh air of the river his chances of recovery would be as good as possible. If the Admiralty can lay hands on a few disused men-of-war of large size the Government cannot do better than place them at the disposal of the Metropolitan Asylums Board for the purpose of being converted into small-pox hospitals. It is even possible that by this means the need for further legislation may be avoided. Whatever power the managers now possess with regard to the sending of small-pox patients to distant hospitals, they will possess as much when the hospitals are on the water as when they are on the land, while the motives for resisting their use of this power which now exist will then exist no longer.

If vaccination had been properly attended to in the past, there would be no small-pox to attend to in the present, but, judging from the statistics of vaccination in London, the next generation will be no better protected than this one is. The two obstacles which stand in the

way are the fanatical opposition which is excited in some minds by the vaccination of infants, and the absence of any means whatever of compelling the revaccination of adults. For the former obstacle the Local Government Board are to some extent responsible. The objection to vaccination from human lymph is not entirely unfounded; at all events, the paramount authority of Sir THOMAS WATSON can be quoted in support of it. To vaccination from calf lymph there is no such objection, and it is unfortunate that the use of calf lymph should not have received decided and steady encouragement long ago. That vaccination is very unequally enforced, even in different parts of London, is evident from the fact that, of the children born in Shoreditch, 16 per cent. are unvaccinated, while of those born in Whitechapel, only 4 per cent. are unvaccinated. There is no difference in the circumstances of these two parishes that can account for the number of unvaccinated children in the one being four times what it is in the other. It is to be noted that a quarter of the unvaccinated children in Shoreditch were children who had been inmates of the workhouse, if they had not been born there. In other words, they had been actually in the hands of the Guardians, and had been allowed to slip out of them without the law having been enforced. The Shoreditch Guardians have now appointed a second Vaccination Officer, a step which will be useful if a house-to-house visitation is set on foot, as it undoubtedly ought to be. But no amount of additional Vaccination Officers will secure the vaccination of children in the workhouse unless the Guardians are prepared to override the resistance of ignorant mothers who do not wish to have the child made ill for a week at the cost of so much additional trouble to themselves. In cases of this kind nothing but compulsion will have any effect.

YOUNG OXFORD.

AN Oxford Tutor in the current number of *Fraser's Magazine* has undertaken to enlighten the public on "Young Oxford," or in other words on the condition—moral, intellectual, social, and religious—of the present race of Oxford undergraduates. That a good deal of what he tells us is quite true we see no reason to dispute. To readers who happen to have any familiarity with the Oxford of twenty or thirty or forty years ago the first remark naturally suggested by his lucubrations will be that "Cæsar and Pompey are very like each other, more especially Pompey." Certainly, if his account may be accepted, there is a very strong family likeness indeed between the Oxford undergraduate of 1881 and his predecessors of any of the last three or four decades, in spite of all the sweeping changes, academical, religious and other, which during that period have passed over the entire system of the university. It is not for instance any peculiarity of the undergraduate of today that he "is likely to err on the side of neglecting religion rather than of positive infidelity," or that he is not invariably distinguished by "a spirit of innate reverence for constituted authority," or that he is "thoroughly Conservative in many points" and particularly in resisting all disciplinary innovations. Nor is it any speciality of modern Oxford that the university itself, and every college in it, is split up into various sets which have little common ground of agreement, and that "Christ-church is the resort of the young aristocracy who seem to consider the getting up of periodical rows an essential part of their education." There would seem to be a remarkable continuity even in the relative position and character of different colleges. We are told for instance that Balliol, New College, and Corpus still retain their scholastic pre-eminence, and our Tutor sees every reason to suppose that they will continue to do so. In one respect there is no doubt a change, and a change for the better, from the Oxford of half a century ago, though it has been in progress now for many years past, and finds an analogy in the altered and more friendly relations of boys and masters at our public schools. It may perhaps be questioned whether "more lasting friendships are often formed in Oxford between College fellows and undergraduates than among undergraduates themselves," but at all events the old tradition of looking on every don as a natural enemy and every college regulation as "simply made to spite me" has long since died out. There are still, according to our informant, a very few "dried up and crusty dons," who seem to resent the very existence of undergraduates, just as the sentiment used some years ago to be attributed to a well-known head that the final cause of undergraduates was to walk about the grass-plot in Quad and make themselves generally objectionable. Another nascent innovation recorded by the Tutor is by no means equally commendable. After telling us that it is entirely against undergraduate etiquette to settle a quarrel by an appeal to force instead of by a temporary or permanent process of cutting, he adds that this etiquette is sometimes set aside, and "quite lately have been fought two sham duels."

It appears that the American whose criticisms have called

forth the Oxford Tutor in vindication of his *Alma Mater* has declared that there is no intellectual life there among undergraduates apart from the schools, while somebody else has brought the opposite charge that the superabundant philosophy they are crammed with is apt to find its vent in Agnosticism. The first charge is manifestly an absurd exaggeration, "based," as the Tutor rather grandiloquently words it, "on very insufficient premises." Unless Oxford has changed remarkably in a very few years, there is a distinct tendency to disregard the schools altogether in the matter of intellectual life. As to the second, there will always no doubt be more or less of scepticism prevalent wherever a number of educated young men are congregated, and Oxford has proved no exception to the rule. The writer reminds us how Aristotle has observed that "young men, having but little experience, and being liable to be led astray by their passions, are not fitting students of moral philosophy;" and he might have cited further the caution addressed by the head of a distinguished College at Cambridge to his fellows in conclave assembled, "We must remember, gentlemen, that we are not infallible, not even the youngest of us." A commentator on recent Oxford history in the *Church Quarterly*, who goes a good deal more deeply into the subject than our gossiping tutor, forms rather a gloomy estimate of the religious prospect, in view of the clean sweep that has been made, or is being made, by modern legislation of almost every vestige of the old ecclesiastical safeguards and restrictions, whether collegiate or academical. But he admits that there are still important practical religious influences at work, and notes some encouraging features in the religious side of Oxford life. A somewhat angry correspondence which has been going on in the *Non-conformist* brings testimony from an unexpected and unsuspicious quarter that as yet the Church has gained more than Dissent from coming into close contact there with her rivals on equal terms. Meanwhile, as was observed before, practical irreligion is pretty sure at a place like Oxford to be a more pressing danger than speculative unbelief, and we may hope the Tutor is justified in assuring us that, even in sceptical circles, the presence of a single man reputed to be pious, or of a boy fresh from school, puts a restraint on all sorts of doubtful conversation. In this matter probably the standard of "good form" and "shocking bad form," on which he dwells, would be held to apply, though it is no doubt true that at Oxford as elsewhere, "sundry things, drunkenness for instance, are allowed to pass muster, which a higher moral standard would condemn." Cigarettes and tea, however, rather than alcoholic liquors, are the special temptation of the present generation. Another phrase which he represents as being a potent instrument of social ostracism reminds us in its meaning of a term of hardly less questionable English much in vogue at Oxford some years ago, where it was especially, and often of course most unfairly, applied to new comers from Rugby, who were supposed to be "terribly in earnest" and to cherish by no means defective appreciation of their own capacities. Such men were called "pruff" in those days; now, it appears, they are said to "put on side," but the term is sufficiently vague to be a formidable weapon of offence against any one held to be "unclubbable."

It may be generally described as a combination of outward swagger and inward conceit; but the suspicion of "putting on side"—in Oxford, at all events—attaches itself to various individuals on most contradictory grounds. One man is supposed to "put on side" because he happens to be shy or reserved, and consequently talks less than his neighbours in general society. Another is held to talk too much, and so to "put on side;" and there are men who have laboured under the same imputation simply because they happen to walk in a less crab-like fashion than their fellow-creatures. "Side," where it does exist, is certainly an objectionable feature of character; but at Oxford, in nine presumed cases out of ten, we believe its existence to be purely imaginary.

The Tutor has a good deal to say, but not much which is not generally known, about Clubs at Oxford, beginning, of course, with the Union. But here, while he informs us, with discreet reserve, that "it has a history," he omits to give any intimation of how long its history has lasted, or to say that it kept its Jubilee eight years ago, although he repeats the threadbare story, which was reproduced in one of the speeches made on that occasion, about Mr. Lowe, as President of the Union, fining the present Archbishop of Canterbury a sovereign for disorderly behaviour. We are told again that the oldest of the Oxford convivial Clubs is the Phoenix, and that its records date back to the last century, and that very quaint legends are connected with it. We are not told that it went at that time under the more questionable name of the "Hell-fire Club," and that the "quaint legend" for which it is chiefly famous is the story of the Evil One appearing in person to carry off a drunken and blaspheming undergraduate from a supper party at Brasenose, which a fellow of that College, lately deceased, was popularly supposed to have witnessed as he passed along Brasenose Lane. It is fair to say that the Phoenix for some years has steadily disowned descent from the "Hell-fire Club." We need not follow the Tutor through his detailed report of "the amusements of Young Oxford," which are much the same as may be found *mutatis mutandis* at every English university or public school. Perhaps, however, much as some of the present Clubs would have shocked a Don of the last generation, it is not wholly irrational that a young man who has accidentally missed "Hall" should be able to dine without the certainty, if caught in the fact, of a Proctorial fine. Still less is it necessary to transcribe the author's summary of the existing regulations about the schools, which may always be found recorded in the *Oxford Calendar* for the current year. He evidently supposes that he has made a notable discovery, when he tells us, with much

solemnity, that "it cannot be held that it is in the way of schools alone that Alma Mater educates her foster-sons. Men acquire a species of education by contact with each other," with much more to the same effect, finally enforced by a long quotation from the Funeral Oration of Pericles. We need scarcely say that the idea thus elaborately paraded is one of the veriest common-places of all educational literature, as regards both our universities and public schools. Its rationale is expounded with his accustomed grace and felicity in Cardinal Newman's University Lectures, but in itself it is familiar to every one who has the slightest practical acquaintance with the subject, and it is difficult to read without a smile the pompous announcement—as though of some grand discovery which it was reserved for an Oxford Tutor to flash upon the world in the pages of *Fraser* in the year of grace 1881—that "man is essentially an imitative being, and this is more especially true of young men." Perhaps we might venture to suggest as a corresponding verity that Tutors are essentially didactic beings, and this is more especially true of young tutors. It is easy enough, when one has once got into the vein, to pass from one truism to another. It is not wonderful therefore that, after filling several pages with a kind of glorified paraphrase of the *Oxford Calendar* and *Undergraduate's Journal*, and then elaborately discussing whether it is true that men at Oxford get some sort of mutual education from contact with each other, the Tutor should finally proceed to inquire—in a somewhat hesitating and tentative fashion, as though doubtful about the reply—whether they enjoy their Oxford residence at the time, and retain a pleasant memory of it afterwards. To most men—at least most Oxford men—the inquiry might perhaps appear rather a work of supererogation; as the Germans would phrase it, "that understands itself." But our Tutor goes to work systematically, and after balancing the pros and cons in due order arrives at last at the modified and not over confident conclusion that on the whole "few men, as they bid farewell to Oxford, as Magdalen Tower, St. Mary's, and Carfax [is there not rather a bathos about Carfax?] one by one fade in the distance [Oxford readers will note the nice topographical accuracy of the catalogue] are entirely devoid of some feeling of lingering regret." The statement is at least unimpeachably cautious and temperate. Byron had remarked long ago that

On leaving even the most unpleasant people
And places, one keeps looking at the steeple.

And that is really the utmost our sage informant thinks he "can safely say" of the feeling of an Oxonian bidding final adieu to his old home after three or four years' residence at the most impressionable period of his life. Our own recollections and experiences might perhaps have inclined us to a somewhat more enthusiastic estimate. But it is well to be on the safe side. Let us hope that when the time shall come for the Oxford Tutor himself to take his last look at "Magdalen, St. Mary, and Carfax, one by one," in sad succession, and bury himself in "the dusky purlieus of the law" or in the obscurity of a rural vicarage, he too will be able to rise for the nonce to "a feeling of lingering regret"; but we may also venture to hope that he will confine that generous sentiment to his own bosom, and not suffer it to expatiate in another article in *Fraser*: *satis una superque*. He has himself assured us, in his grave and sententious manner, that "the lesson of self-control is taught by the etiquette of Oxford society." Let him therefore apply that valuable lesson to his literary aspirations, and pause to consider, before he again comes forward to instruct the general public, whether he has anything to tell them which they did not know before. When Dr. Arnold first took charge of the Sixth Form at Rugby he resolved, according to his biographer, to innovate on the established practice of setting themes on the subject of *Virtus est bona res*. If our Tutor had not implied that he belongs to the younger generation, we might almost have suspected him of being trained at Rugby under the old régime.

THE INNOCENTS IN IRELAND.

THE two most guileless persons among Her Majesty's subjects of whom documentary evidence gives us any cognizance are, almost without a doubt, Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, M.P., and the editor of the *Freeman's Journal*. It is not quite easy to decide whether there is anything to choose between them. Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, more in sorrow than in anger, expostulating with Mr. W. H. Smith for even hinting that the Government found their account in encouraging Irish agitation; the *Freeman's Journal* plaintively asking what it is all about, why Dublin is proclaimed, why Mr. Dillon is arrested, are two pleasant sights. With Mr. Shaw-Lefevre we shall not greatly trouble ourselves. It would only be possible to show him why Mr. Smith and other sensible people think the Government to have been interested in the disturbances and outrages in Ireland by the aid of logic. Now logic, like political economy, is for the present taboo to Mr. Gladstone's immediate followers. It is good for Saturn-and-Jupiter-fellows, not for practical politicians. The *Freeman's Journal* offers metal more attractive than the member for Reading. The *Freeman's Journal*, greatly pondering, is disposed to attribute the proclamation and the arrest to the fact that "the outrage-mongers have again been at work." The outrage-mongers certainly have been at work, with a vengeance, and it may be profitable, if not pleasant, to consider their proceedings. It cannot be too constantly borne in mind what sort of folk Mr. Gladstone's clients are, and what kind of

deeds are to be rewarded by the carving of neat competences for their perpetrators out of the property of the landlords.

The achievements of the outrage-mongers during the last week or ten days amount, speaking generally, to one murder, two attempted, and possibly still to be completed ditto, one roasting, one ear-clipping, several firings into houses, and miscellaneous attacks on persons or property, including the ripping-up of a cart-horse or two, too many to mention; besides Mr. Dillon's speeches and the mobbing of the Emergency Committee representatives at Howth and elsewhere. The details of the various exploits are very curious and delightful, calculated to "stir the national conscience"—we believe that is the correct phrase—more than ever to do justice to the finest peasantry on this or any other planet, including Saturn and Jupiter. The roasting has been denied; but the practice has been a favourite one in times past, and Erin is quite likely to remember the days of old in this way. The ear-clipping has been exaggerated, says Mr. Forster, but he does not deny its truth. It is not particularly easy to understand what exaggeration of such a matter means; either the bailiff's ears are on his head or they are not, unless perhaps some stumps may be left. Perhaps in the latter case the Government regards the proceeding as a fair apportionment of the property between Mr. Dennehy and the Land League, not dissimilar to their own intended division of Ireland between landlords and tenants. The wrackings of houses, the firings into them, and so forth, are quite familiar and rather stale. But the murder is a very instructive murder indeed. We are not now referring to the Fenian outrage in Dublin, but to the affair in Connemara. The victim was a cattle-herd, and it is especially noteworthy that the farm on which he served had not been "landgrabbed" by any one, neither had any one been ejected from it. It was land which had for many years been in the occupation of the owner, and which previous to that occupation had been voluntarily surrendered to him by a perfectly responsible and independent tenant. Yet the caretaker and his son were dragged out of bed and shot in the road—the father being killed, the son mortally wounded. This was a testimony on the part of the Land League against herds. The import of this ought to be very carefully studied. Grass farms are, it is well known, the most profitable employment of land in Ireland, and the land is better suited for them than for any other purpose. But as they do not suit penniless peasants, and interfere with the growth of a ragged population always open to the influence of the agitator, they are forbidden *per se*. There is here no question of the crowbar brigade, no insinuation of any hardship inflicted on any living soul. The Land League has decided against any form of cultivation but such as it prefers, and the decision is enforced in a business-like and peremptory manner which, unfortunately, the Executive of the less powerful of the two Irish Governments does not imitate. It is noteworthy that the conscience-of-the-nation party have been very discreetly silent about this particular crime. Here at least is something which not merely no Land Bill such as the present, but nothing short of an agrarian law limiting holdings to, say five acres apiece, and prescribing their culture, can touch. The utter madness of supposing that any Land Bill in the direction of the earlier clauses of the present will cut away the root of the evil is demonstrated by this death of the unhappy man Lyden in a fashion which admits of no explaining away.

The speeches which at last goaded the Government into doing what ought to have been done a year ago, and laying Mr. Dillon by the heels, and the incident which no doubt partly led to the proclamation of Dublin, are almost equally instructive, and fortunately the lesson is not enforced by the death of an innocent man. The riot at the Howth sale is an admirable exposure of the state into which Government mismanagement, and nothing but Government mismanagement, has allowed the second city of the Empire, in point of political importance, to get. A tenant (of ample means, and who is not even pretended to be one of those objects of Mr. Gladstone's compassion, who can do nothing but rent from a brutal landlord the land which that monopolist withholds from them, save at an exorbitant price) refuses to pay his rent out of sheer wantonness. His cattle are distrained upon, and having been bought by fair bidders in the open market, the rent is paid. Thereupon a procession of howling roughs accompanies the beasts and the new owners into the city, hooting and hustling them, pelting them with dirt, and doing all that is possible to prevent the beasts from being shipped. Here, again, there is no possible imputation of personal hardship. The arbitrary dictates of an irresponsible association are enforced by a mob; and comparatively moderate partisans of that association ask with astonishment why precautions should be taken to make such things a little more difficult, or rather more dangerous, in future?

Perhaps the most interesting thing, however, of all is the speech which at last broke the back of Mr. Forster's patience in the matter of "John Dillon." That energetic person had already, in a phrase of his own, "sailed very near the wind" by telling the now famous story of the men with loaded rifles who lay in wait inside a house at which an eviction was threatened. On Sunday last he achieved the nautical manoeuvre known as sailing, not merely near the wind, but a point the other side of it. It is noteworthy that Mr. Dillon does not condescend to make the least reference to the Land Bill. That panacea is for him simply *non avenue*. If his hearers would go on as they were going for two or three years, said he, they would end by handing over the soil of Ireland to the men who killed

it. If they could resist, on the whole successfully, the exactions of the landlords till the autumn, the game was won. And then Mr. Dillon proceeded to explain the proper *modus operandi* for holding out till the autumn. In the first place, the levying of rack-rent was to be obstructed by every means ingenuity could suggest; in the second, every man, whatever his profession, who assisted that levying was to be "punished," to be "attacked," to be "followed at every turn of his life." Of course Mr. Dillon suggests that all this may be done within the law, though how things in themselves illegal are to be done within the law is not so clear. Equally, of course, his hearers took his test without his qualification. The Land League method of "punishment," of "attack," of "following," is murder, as in the case of Lyden; mutilation, as in the case of Dennehy; torture, as in the case of King; damage to property, combined with cruelty to animals, as in the case of the cart-horses ripped up the other day because their owners dared to lend them to the Constabulary. This is the simple plan by which the executive of the Land League obey Mr. Dillon's beautiful exhortation to "carry the conviction of their power into the hearts of their enemies." A charge of shot ought certainly to carry conviction. Knives and fire have at all times been favourite arguments with certain brutal and savage natures, and "Hate me, rip up my horse," is at least as logical as "Love me, love my dog."

To all this we shall of course hear, and indeed have heard, the old stereotyped answer. The Land Bill is to take the heart of stone out of the Irish peasant, and to give him a heart of flesh. The conviction of Mr. Gladstone's goodness, the delightful labours of the litigation of the Land Court, will soften his manners, and not permit him to be fierce. The chance of a fresh haul at his landlord's pocket every fifteen years will keep him quietly expectant in the intervals, when, indeed, he will be digesting haul the last. It is difficult to argue on such a point as this, because (it is unpleasant to have to say it) it is impossible to believe in the *bona fides* of the antagonist, or, accepting his *bona fides*, to admit his competence. Obviously Mr. Gladstone's Bill will do none of the things for the want of which the Irish peasant now murders and mutilates and tortures. It does not even profess to enact that no owner who holds grass land in his own occupation shall go on holding it. It does not even pretend to hand over the soil to the tiller. Its provisions forbid all the most dearly cherished misdoings of the tenant—subdivision, subletting, dilapidation, perhaps, even, though there seems to be a doubt about this, the beloved system of *conacre*. Mr. Gladstone himself declares that the changes asked for by the Irish Roman Catholic Bishops who, it need hardly be said, are far behind Mr. Dillon and the extreme Land Leaguers, would "give the Bill a new character." It is impossible, therefore, that the cause of these outrages should be removed by the Bill, even if it passed Lords and Commons by acclamation in the present week. Let it be granted to its fervent panegyrist that it is a great act of justice, a noble display of conscience, and all the rest of it. It is still not what Mr. Dillon and his likes are agitating for, and therefore there is nothing to prevent Mr. Dillon and his likes from continuing or renewing their agitation. All this is as clear as the sun at noonday, yet it seems to need repetition. Liberal members of Parliament are being daily begged, exhorted, threatened, that so they may vote for the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill. At the bottom of all these prayers, arguments, menaces, lies the contention that the Bill will stop agitation. Now it is perfectly certain, and more certain from the words of Mr. Dillon and the events of the last few days than from anything else, that it will do nothing of the kind. If the Bill had been law a month ago, it would not have forbidden Lyden to herd Mr. Graham's cattle; it would not have saved Butterly's cows from being sold; it would not have prevented, as far as can be seen, one single act by which, according to the sympathizers with outrage, that outrage has been provoked. Unless the recovery of rent by any means whatever is to be made impossible, and the following of any method of cultivation discouraged by the Land League forbidden, things will be just as they were, or worse. For a man who is promised a loose shoe is naturally all the more impatient of a tight one. So the murders, the roastings, the ear-clippings, the horse-stabbings, the mobbings of last week will go on merrily, and the conscience of the nation will be aroused again, and another slice will be taken out of the landlords' pockets, and so, *da capo*, until there is none left. Obstinate questioners may possibly ask, What then?

ORATORS AND CRITICS.

THE speeches at the dinner of the Royal Academy were, perhaps, more remarkable for number than for merit, or for any light which they threw on the prospects of Art in this country. No one can expect to get many new and stimulating ideas from speakers who are almost obliged to use the language of rosy optimism. It would be absurd to suppose that the majority of distinguished persons who "rallied round" Sir Frederick Leighton cared much more for Art than for Literature, or Consumptive Bellowmakers, or Fishmongers, or any other persons and institutions that are the occasion of big public dinners. Novel utterances are often made at this feast, and Mr. Gladstone, as we shall see, came out with a very novel theory this year; but people are not bound to be startling at a dinner of the

Royal Academy. It is not like a meeting of the British Association, when the President used to be expected to start an entirely unheard-of theory of the beginning of life on our planet. Sir Frederick Leighton did his duty with industry, grace, and perseverance. "There shall never be a forlorn hope without you" is the promise his colonel gives Claude Melnotte in the *Lady of Lyons*. There was no forlorn hope without the President at the Academy dinner. Nine times, if we have correctly counted them, he marched into the breach. His remarks were usually poetical, and he used one especially pretty figure, about "a little realm controlling a vast empire, along the wide skirts of which war, ever smouldering, leaps fitfully and too often into flame." Both the host and the guests paid many sincere compliments of regret to the memory of Lord Beaconsfield. Mr. Gladstone did not indeed seize the occasion to avow that he had always regarded his late rival as his heart's best brother. He confined himself to the perfectly safe remark that Lord Beaconsfield was "an extraordinary man" and his life "an extraordinary life." And he could not but rejoice that the extraordinary man had been painted by Mr. Millais. That was all. But, if Mr. Gladstone was less than effusive about this matter, he made up for it by one of the richest and rarest economical discoveries which is associated with a name distinguished in finance. "The English school," he said, "is comparatively little in the eyes or recollections of the great civilized nations in Europe." And why? Because we are a very wealthy nation, and can afford to keep our pictures at home, despite the frantic bids of the civilized, but indigent, nations of Europe. The Italians, on the other hand, though most wealthy in works of art, have been notoriously poor, even in paper money. Consequently they sell their pictures, and so increase their artistic reputation abroad; while we keep our performances jealously at home—except Mr. Alma-Tadema's "Sappho," which is going to America. Mr. Gladstone actually said, "Had we been a poor country like Italy, and produced all the works of art we have done, the fame of British art would have been more widely extended, and made familiar to the ears of Europe. It is, then, owing to the power of England to keep the works of her artists at home that her artists have not taken that place they would otherwise have taken in the general estimation of the world." This is a beautiful theory, which we could hold with more confidence if there were more signs of the anxiety of the foreigner to bid; if, so to speak, he kept looking wistfully through the shop-windows at the gorgeous treasures which are "not for him, nor the likes of him." In another way, Mr. Gladstone's application of political economy to art is encouraging, not to say exhilarating. People who understand about these matters say that, as a nation, we are rapidly growing no richer. Agricultural depression and the decay of trade are undeniable facts. Never mind. As our financial credit declines, our reputation for art is bound to soar; and, when we cannot pay our artists their prices, France will begin to bid, "Russia will step in with her tallows," Spain will enter the market, and the works of Mr. Frith, and of Mr. Solomon Hart, will hold their proper place, at last, in the estimation of Europe. Such are the uses of adversity, and it is by stepping-stones of national poverty that our artists will climb the pinnacle of fame.

Literature is rather in the shade at present; but even the existence of literature was recognized at the Academy dinner. Out of two hundred and fifty guests, no fewer than eight were men of letters. This is as it should be. Art and Literature are sisters, and have commonly flourished together; therefore Art, on her gaudy day, does not forget her poor unsuccessful relation, but offers her more than the crumbs which fall from her opulent table. No fewer than eight "literary chaps" were bidden, we repeat, to the dinner of the Academy. The messenger of Art reached Mr. Matthew Arnold in that garret above the tripe-shop in Grub Street where he used to smoke with dear old Arminius. Mr. Robert Browning was also there, "among the swells," as George Warrington said. There was also Canon Farrar, the author of a sweetly pictorial *Life of Christ*; and though no other members of the staff of the *Daily Telegraph* were there, yet the *Times* reporter was present, and Canon Stubbs, and Mr. Burnand, and Lord Houghton, and Mr. Bret Harte. Mr. Matthew Arnold was called to return thanks for this large and representative selection of men of letters. And yet Mr. Arnold did not seem happy. "Men of culture," says a contemporary tragedian, "are never happy," but the occasion, the novelty and splendour of it, the lusciousness and abundance of the repast, might have been expected to bring a smile even to the lips of the mourner for Arminius. It is true that Mr. Arnold's speech was cut out by the reporter of the *Observer*, who (very naturally) did not think literature deserved much notice when princes and premiers were going about. But Mr. Arnold, though a *sacer vates*, can hardly have foreseen the supercilious conduct of the *Observer*. Perhaps he was crushed by the novelty of the opportunity; for it is usual, on occasions of this sort, to have Literature represented by a prosperous journalist of the Americanized kind. However it happened, the strayed reveller was gloomy. He said that Literature had lost her old place and power. Men of letters were, if anything, ornamental rather than useful, "facultative, not obligatory." "Sir William Grove and Science are obligatory; it is I and Literature who are facultative." No fellow likes being facultative when he comes to think of it—though perhaps Mr. Arnold is the first man of letters who ever did think of it in these peculiar terms. But he consoled himself by fancying that Art "is in the same boat." We only wish Literature were in the same boat, nay, the same gilded barge, as

Art. Then Mr. Arnold scathed "the swells" with his wonder "what could have induced you to import among them such an inutility as a poor man of letters." He seems to have fancied that the six or seven men of letters should have dined, like Dr. Johnson, behind the screen. He appeared as the slave at the Roman triumph, and whispered to the President that he, too, was mortal, that his "experience and career" were remote from those of Rank's gilded children. He spoke pathetically of "our struggle," the fierce struggle for bread in which poets and painters are ferociously engaged. "What do they know" of all sorts of uncomfortable things, and of "mighty poets in their misery dead"? Mighty poets do not seem so very badly off in this quarter of the nineteenth century. Having thus uttered the thing that was in him, and the message of the proletariat, Mr. Arnold gave place to the Lord Mayor. Did the Academy think what it was doing, when it took the siege perilous, so to speak, and asked Lord Mayors and Premiers together? It was tempting Fenianism and revelling over dynamite. The Lord Mayor was rather amusing about Blackfriars Bridge and Art in the City. But the company could not get rid of the gloomy impression left by Mr. Arnold, and probably many of the great dreamed that night of Mr. Arnold, Mr. Frederic Harrison, and the private guillotine which, according to the former playful writer, the latter keeps in his back-garden.

Critics, of course, have by this time had their say about Art, like the orators. They have written exactly what was expected of them. The terrible "Dream of the Academy," published a fortnight ago in these columns, has been fulfilled. The comic 'Arry critic has made the very puns about "Idyl," and "idle," and about shepherds' pipes and tobacco pipes, which our dreamer heard him utter. Another critic has felt, as usual, that it is really impossible for him to write about the pictures of the year, and has confined himself to some prolonged remarks on the early training of Millet. Perhaps he will reach Mr. Millais and Mr. Alma-Tadema in August, if he struggles very hard. The critic who is so fond of Lemprière and of the history of the last century has had plenty to say about the "Sappho" Mr. Alma-Tadema did not paint, and about Suffolk Punches, Candahar, and kindred topics. The critic who is so fond of strange adjectives has invested freely in a delightful new word, "coloration." The critic who knows all about folk-lore has chiefly confined his remarks about the Academy to a treatise on the story of Cinderella. The critic who is such a great man that nothing pleases him has called everything "faccid" which is not "fantastic." And the moral critic is writing a tract on what he believes to be the conversion and repentance of Mr. Burne Jones, with an essay on "Backsliding Brethren," suggested by Mr. Allingham's portrait of Mr. Carlyle, with blue china plates fastened on the walls of his room.

WRONG-HEADED REFORM.

THE work of improving our army goes gaily on. To say that it resembles the labours of Sisyphus is to give but an inadequate idea of its magnitude. He, at any rate, had the mournful satisfaction of getting his stone nearly to the top of the hill; but we never seem to get our dead weight of military reform even half way up before it comes down with a run, and leaves us in blank despair. It is not easy to fix the precise period at which this reforming mania commenced, but he would be a bold man who would venture to predict where it will end, for the simple reason that we appear to progress in the well-known Hibernian ratio of two steps backward to one forward. We have been engaged for years past in sewing pieces of new cloth on to a very ancient garment, and then in wondering that the rents become wider and wider. And the best of it is, that the greater part of all this patching has been unnecessary, or at most the necessity for it has been self-imposed. From the day when, in imitation of a foreign Power, we discovered that we too ought to have a Reserve, we have been engaged in a fruitless struggle to make one man do the work of two; or, to put it more correctly, to make one boy do the work of two men. At the period just mentioned the situation was this—by enlisting men for twelve years, the whole of which was spent with the colours, and by further prolonging this period to twenty-one years with about one-third of the men who had completed the first period, we were just able to satisfy the ordinary military requirements of our Empire. True, we had no reserve for a European war or for any great emergency; but our daily needs in the shape of ever-recurring little wars were pressing, and we had in fact to decide the following question—Should we continue as we were, that is, taking the full value out of our recruit when once caught, by keeping him in any case for twelve and sometimes for twenty-one years; or should we dismiss him at the end of six years into a Reserve which might or might not be wanted, trusting to chance to meet the extra demand which such a step would cause upon our recruiting powers? In an evil hour we chose the latter, and we have never since had a moment's peace or respite from the trouble in which this decision has plunged us. The worst of it is, that nothing will induce us to look the question fairly in the face. That question we maintain is this. Our recruit-producing power is limited and constant; our military requirements are large and constant. We must, therefore, do one of two things—satisfy the present, and leave the future to chance, or make sure of the future in the shape of a Reserve and leave the present to chance in the shape of insufficient numbers of untrained men or rather boys. Having

then decided to take care of the future, we are now grumbling because we cannot satisfy the present as well; in plain English, given a decidedly small piece of cake, we are surprised and indignant because we cannot both eat it and have it. As year by year passes, and we see how little our Reserve has done, we turn our eyes to our active army, and then we see how little it, too, has done. Neither, in fact, has been of much service, and an uneasy feeling is beginning to prevail that we have made a grand mistake, but we have not the courage to own it. When an incident like the Candahar march occurs—an incident which ought to and would open the eyes of any but the wilfully blind—and when that incident is further supported and its moral strengthened by the deplorable failures in the Transvaal, we partially awaken to the real truth, but only for a moment. A few sentences of pretentious dogmatism, a few sneers at old-fashioned notions and ideas, are sufficient to shame us into silence; and once more we go drifting on, sacrificing alike the splendid history of our army in the past and its efficiency in the present for the sake of a future which may never come. On a former occasion we made use of these words when discussing the question of the new organization of our regiments:—"We want a certain number of recruits annually; if we can get them, the present system, or, for that matter, any other system, will do well enough; if we cannot get them, no amount of manipulation, organization, reform, or by whatever other name it may be called, will enable one man to do the work of two, or to be in two places at once." This, we maintain, is the real point, and we refuse to allow ourselves to be diverted from it. But, as we have already observed, nothing will induce the nation at large to face it. We double round it, we evade it, we temporize with it, we procrastinate, we extol our Militia, we glorify our Volunteers—we do anything and everything except recognize the fact that our regular army is neither numerous enough nor seasoned enough for the work it has to do. The ingenuity which we exercise in fencing with the question is simply astounding. There is no limit to the amount of public time and public money which we are willing to devote to what is called Army Reform, provided only the one thing needful is left undone. One makeshift after another is tried, the invariable result being that each so-called improvement leaves us, if anything, further and further from the desired end. For instance, upon one occasion when the state of our army was more than usually unsatisfactory, and the nation at large was ready for some effectual change, we abolished purchase among the officers, and having thus satisfied ourselves that we had thereby provided an ample supply of recruits, we calmly went to sleep again for awhile. On another occasion we established short service and a Reserve, on another we tried linking our battalions in pairs, on another we administered a dose of public money in the shape of twopence per diem extra pay, on another we gave the soldier his ration of bread and meat free of charge, and now we are going to link regulars and Militia and abolish our old numerical titles. We have also reformed the soldier's dress, his barracks, his food, his treatment, and we have reformed his discipline to an extent that will shortly leave none at all. All this and much more have we done; but the one vital question of how to provide a sufficiency of trained and seasoned soldiers for our ever-present needs we carefully ignore. We are far from saying that these reforms were unnecessary or superfluous; on the contrary, many of them, notably those which affected the personal welfare of the soldier, were good and useful measures. Even the larger schemes were at least plausible; for purchase was admitted to be morally indefensible; the local connexion which the brigade depot system aimed at was certainly desirable, if it could be only achieved; while the formation of a strong Reserve, if it weakened the active army, gave the country a certain feeling of security. It is the very plausibility of these measures which has been their most dangerous feature, inasmuch as they have only served to distract public attention from more important issues.

At the present moment we are threatened with a fresh reform, and one which, though somewhat novel in its character, is in the main of a nature precisely similar to those just mentioned. Sundry articles and letters have recently appeared in the *Times* advocating an improvement in the shooting of our infantry. It has been urged that, because our men were defeated on every occasion in the Transvaal, their bad shooting was the cause of the disasters, and accordingly we are recommended to brush up this particular branch of our military instruction. Now, we have already given our approval of any reform that may be attempted in this direction. If the shooting of our men is distinctly deficient, by all means let it be looked to. But what we wish to insist upon is this—namely, that it ought to be clearly demonstrated that our defeats were solely due to bad shooting, and to nothing else. In a word, was our failure in the Transvaal a purely musketry failure, or was it a military failure? The answer, in our opinion, is clear, namely, that while fully admitting the superior individual shooting of the Boers, our defeats were not wholly attributable to the bad shooting of our men. We are not quite prepared to allow that because the Boers have proved themselves to be among the best marksmen in the world, we are among the worst. Let us look at matters a little more in detail. Our first defeat was at Laing's Nek, where we were on the offensive; and it was admitted at the time that, despite the advantage which the Boers enjoyed from their defensive position, our attack would undoubtedly have succeeded had we only provided proper supports at the critical moment. Next we had the affair on the Ingogo, where a number of our men with two guns made targets of themselves on an open plateau for the fire of concealed skirmishers. Last, and worst of all, we have

the affair on the Majuba Hill, where we were on the defensive. Can any unprejudiced, impartial person read the account of that action as given by the Special Correspondent of the *Standard*, and then say that our defeat was solely due to bad shooting? We maintain that our defeats were due mainly to defective tactics, want of discipline, and the absence of that feeling of confidence, that perfect reliance of comrade upon comrade, which was once the prevailing characteristic of our soldiers. The British soldier of the past was not in the habit of being pushed by his officers into action, as described by the authority just quoted, he was not in the habit of turning tail and running back from the comrades he had just come to reinforce. Throughout the whole of that miserable affair the sole redeeming feature was afforded by the old soldiers, who stood and behaved as old soldiers who know and trust each other always do. We are quite aware that a considerable amount of capital has lately been made out of the fact that a large proportion of our men who fought at Quatre Bras and Waterloo were young soldiers. Granted that it was so; but it should be remembered that there were many old men in the ranks, and also that the discipline of those days was very different from what it is now. That the Boers are better shots than our men is unquestionable—they are probably as a race the best shots in the world, and no regular soldiers, from whatever country they might be chosen, could hope to compare with them. Our tactics should, therefore, have been directed to neutralizing, as far as possible, this superiority, which was precisely what we did not do. On the contrary, we afforded them every opportunity of utilizing it to the utmost, and, having failed in tactics, in discipline, in steadiness, in almost every good quality for which the British infantry soldier was once conspicuous, we throw the whole blame on our rifle practice, which is in reality only responsible for a certain portion of it. Let us be honest and apportion the blame properly. Let us recognize the fact that the young, half-trained, and almost wholly undisciplined soldier is a mistake, and a very serious one too. If we persist in wilfully shutting our eyes to this patent fact, our next war will simply be a repetition on a larger scale of our recent disasters. By all means, as we have already contended, let us improve the shooting of our men, and do away with the present ludicrous restrictions on its efficiency.

THE HIGHEST CRITICISM.

THERE are few more pleasant sights than the spectacle of important youth laying down the law to an obedient and breathless world, and this spectacle has seldom been presented more pleasantly than in an article signed William H. Hardinge, in the current number of the *Nineteenth Century*, on "French Verse in English." When we took up the number we confess ourselves to have been totally ignorant of Mr. Hardinge's name. But it seems from his paper that he has published some translations, especially from Nadaud, and it is nearly certain that he must possess the blessed quality of youth. He has set himself to show that translators of French verse into English are, as a rule, sad backsliders. Their "selfishness" and their "want of care" have, it would seem, marred Mr. Hardinge's youth by giving him occasion for many tears. Their "demerits are of so glaring and detrimental a nature" that they cannot be "lightly passed over." They "deadens the colour" of their originals and "spoil their singing." They are "saint-hearted and metrically inaccurate." Especially does Mr. Hardinge fall foul of Mr. Andrew Lang's *Ballads and Lyrics of Old France*. Mr. Lang is a person quite capable of defending himself, and we have not the least intention of taking up the cudgels for him. It so happens, however, that Mr. Hardinge's strictures on this particular book give a very useful criterion for his own work. He is dreadfully angry with Mr. Lang for not translating Ballades and Rondeaux into the exact rhymes and metres of the original. Considering that Mr. Lang's book was published in 1872, and that Mr. Hardinge's own acquaintance with these forms (a not over-accurate one, as we shall shortly see) appears to be wholly derived from an essay of Mr. Gosse's, published in 1877, a little more charity might be desirable. However, Mr. Hardinge is doubtless desirous to show what an accurate person he himself is. So, too, such minute strictures as his assurance that "O ciel, je vous revois, Madame," is not properly represented by "Again I see you, ah my Queen," and that "All night I lay awake" is not good for "Je m'éveillais tous les quarts d'heure," must be meant to show the severe standard of literalness which Mr. Hardinge desires to have applied to his own work, plentiful specimens of which are vouchsafed. A short examination of this work on the principles thus indicated by Mr. Hardinge may be recreative.

Mr. Hardinge's general doctrine is that translations must be absolutely faithful in form as well as in matter. His chief claim to a particular discovery of principle is that the alternation of masculine and feminine rhymes in French must be represented in English by single and double rhymes. It is perhaps needless to say to any one possessed of an ear and of a knowledge of the two languages that this principle is utterly false. The final *e* of a French line has neither the metrical nor the rhythmical value of a full syllable, and the substitution of a full syllable for it in English, except in a very few instances, entirely alters the balance of the line. Let that pass, however. Mr. Hardinge vouchsafes examples from all ages of French poetry, though it

is rather odd that he mostly takes his examples from school-books. His descriptions of Thibaut of Champagne's poems as "troubadour singing" would seem to infer that he thinks that pleasant singer wrote in Provençal, which is a little unfortunate. However, he shall have the benefit of these doubts; and we will pass on to his version of Charles d'Orléans's famous "Le temps a laissé son manteau." Here Mr. Hardinge is very severe on Mr. Lang for giving the poem only twelve lines instead of fourteen. That is to say, he does not know that it is still a very moot point whether the strictest rondel form has thirteen lines or fourteen (the manuscript evidence being strongly in favour of thirteen), and that it is at least possible that Charles wrote only twelve. If any reader should ask how this is possible, we may explain in passing that the point is how often certain refrains are repeated. Critics who indulge in dogmatic condemnation on such points should give more evidence of full information than Mr. Hardinge does. However, let us take his version itself, remembering his standard of literal accuracy. "De vent, de froidure et de pluie" becomes in Mr. Hardinge's literal version "acold and wet from winter's prison." Mr. Hardinge has cut out the wind and generously put in winter and prison instead. "Il n'y a beste ne oyseau Qu'en son jargon ne chante ou crie" becomes "No birds or beasts but sing and cry In jargon at this merry season." But the last stanza is the best example of Mr. Hardinge's stern determination to be literal. The French is—

Rivière, fontaine et ruisseau
Portent en livrée jolie,
Gouttes d'argent d'orfeverie,
Chacun s'habille de nouveau.

This becomes—

Rivers and springs and brooklets lie
Newliveried where the ice has wizen,
And on the freshening leech they christen
Are silver studs for jewellery.

One may certainly say, Bless thee, Prince of Blois, thou art translated. We have not space to comment on other poems with which (notably one of Vauquelin de la Fresnaye's) Mr. Hardinge has taken similar liberties. In discussing the celebrated "Avril" of Belleau, he falls foul again of Mr. Lang with equally evil results. He wants to show that the rhythm of the poem is "anapestic, although it may be hammered into spondee." Technical prosody is a subject rather ungrateful to most readers; but we may, perhaps, mention that this unlucky remark shows that Mr. Hardinge knows very little about it. The anapest may, or may not, once have been a possible French foot, but there are no anapests in "Avril," and no human being could hammer it into spondee. It is obviously trochaic, and Mr. Lang, who does know something of metres, has treated it as such. If anybody insists that every French poem must be got into iambic, it is needless to remind classical scholars that, with a slight change of base, almost any trochaic rhythm can be made iambic. But anapests are unnecessary and spondee impossible. This, be it observed, is not a question of opinion; it is one of scientific fact. More impressive to the average reader, however, will be a little misfortune of Mr. Hardinge's as to Passerat's May Day Ode. A translator of French poetry might at least be expected to know French. Mr. Hardinge, we fear, does not. Passerat wrote, "En ce monde n'a du plaisir, Qui ne s'en donne." That is to say, as any schoolgirl will tell Mr. Hardinge, "In this world none has pleasure but he who gives himself some"; or, as Mr. Lang fairly enough represents it,

In this world he hath no pleasure
That will none of it.

Mr. Hardinge translates—

There's naught in life that's worth desire
From it removed—

which is nonsense in itself, and has nothing to do with the original. In the same poet's *Villanelle* this upbraider of selfish, careless translators gives us "Death no more my heart's appaller," for "Mort! que tant de fois j'appelle." Does Mr. Hardinge *par hasard* think that "appeler" means "to appall"?

We have unluckily no space to go through this amazing monument of conceited incompetence. That Mr. Hardinge makes Gilbert, in the well-known elegiac ode on himself, remark, "In life's gay feasting hall a luckless reveller bidden, One hour I sit one hour I die," as if the session and the death were alternative and recurrent, is perhaps only a slip of expression, as the remarkable statement that André Chénier wrote verses on "the steamer" between Calais and Dover is perhaps only an example of amiable historic confusion. Two more instances, however, of the sort of work which finds room in one of the chief English reviews must be given. It is *à propos* of the *Juana* of Musset, whom by the way, he always speaks of as De Musset, that Mr. Hardinge is so very severe on Mr. Lang's loose renderings. In the same poem, over which he has thrown an air of vulgar burlesque, he has himself mixed "thee" and "you" in the fashion of the clumsiest schoolboy verse, has rendered "Qu'à l'hiver sans qu'il y paraisse," "It seems a jest: come next December," and "Et toi qui ne t'en souviens pas," "You whose sweet heart no memory trieth," makes "lady" rhyme constantly, more *Scotorum*, to "ready," and converts "Et la diabolique journée" into "That day-long frolic of Gehenna." This, however, is as nothing to the havoc he works with Théophile Gautier's glorious piece on Art. This is at once the lesson and the model of

absolute formal perfection in poetry, and here is Mr. Hardinge's version of its second stanza:—

No false constraint I crave for;
But, Muse, to walk you need
To have your
Buskin to fit indeed.

"Théo" was the most good-natured of men, but it is perhaps lucky for Mr. Hardinge, after giving such a rhyme as "crave for" and "have your" as an equivalent of Gautier's exquisite work, that his own head is not in the place of that "tête de Turc" on which the athletic poet used to delight "amener deux cents."

We have done with Mr. Hardinge, and perhaps some of our readers may think that we have taken too much trouble with him. Unluckily, when anybody furnished by chance or injudicious friends with a good tall pulpit, speaks with an air of authority from that pulpit on subjects which the general public does not understand, he runs a fair chance of being accepted as an oracle, if he is not duly taken down from his perch. Literary criticism is enormously voluminous nowadays, and it can only justify itself by being based on the most accurate and extensive knowledge. Mr. Hardinge's knowledge is very far from being accurate or extensive. But he has done more than merely criticize. He might very justly have found fault with the looseness of much modern translation, and though we do not think that his own suggestions for drawing the cord tighter are very happy, his opinion might at least have stood for what it is worth. But the copious specimens of professedly improved translation which he has volunteered take him out of the category of mere critics. He has undertaken not merely to break a stone, but to make a stone, and a very pretty stone, indeed, he has made. With considerable wisdom, he has not given the originals of his versions, and as those originals are not in the possession of everybody, the unfaithfulness which is one of his own chief faults is likely to escape notice. If, on the other hand, these specimens had been modestly put forth by themselves, as an attempt asking for judgment, they might have deserved milder treatment. But inaccurate criticism accompanied by feeble performance, bad work accompanied by arrogant censure of much better work—this is a combination which it behoves watchful censors in their turn not to pass without notice. Mr. Hardinge appears to have some metrical faculty, and may possibly, for aught we know, be a successful adapter of words for music. Very few people (unfortunately) attend to the words of a song nowadays, and so Mr. Hardinge's "Day-long frolics of Gehenna" and "have your" rhyming to "crave for," and all the rest of it, may serve their turn well enough. But when rubbish of this sort is put forth with a flourish of trumpets as precious art-work, it is time to bestir oneself. Mr. Hardinge remarks, with profundity, "making verse translations is, after all, very like making jars." He does not (though "have your" and "crave for" might seem to indicate this) mean discords, but pots. We can only say that, if his own translations remind us of any fictile products, it is of those which Robinson Crusoe produced on a memorable occasion. But the good Robinson did not, if we remember rightly, send his masterpieces for exhibition, with a legend commenting on the glaring and detrimental nature of the defects of the work of less-favoured potters.

PARISIAN THEATRES.

THE theatres of Paris, like those of London, are suffering from a dearth of new plays. The old authors, so say the managers, have ceased to write, and no new ones present themselves. The Ambigu is still playing *Nana*, but the literature of the muck-heap, as we feel disposed to describe the later works of M. Zola, is so little to our taste that we did not go to see it. Those who have done so admit that they were disappointed. Improperity and audacity have been excised, and dullness alone remains. The Chatelet shows no signs of abandoning that curious medley of ballet, circus, farce, and drama (we class the ingredients in the order of their importance) called *Michel Strogoff*; the Porte St. Martin has filled a gap by reviving our old friend *Trente Ans; ou la vie d'un Joueur*; and the Vaudeville has fallen back on *La Princesse Georges* and *Une Visite de Noces*. The Gymnase has tempted fortune with a new comedy in three acts called *Monte Carlo*, in which the audience has the satisfaction of seeing an exact reproduction of one of M. Blanc's gaming saloons, and some amusing illustrations of the odd superstitions of gamblers; but the intrigue is poor, and the acting not particularly good. There is, however, one novelty sufficiently important to be noticed in detail. It is by M. François Coppée, one of the three most popular of living French poets, the other two being M. Leconte de Lisle and M. Théodore de Banville. M. Coppée's historic drama, *Madame de Maintenon*, in a prologue and five acts, in verse, which has just appeared at the Odéon, is the most ambitious work that he has yet attempted, if we except another five-act drama, also in verse, *La Guerre de Cent Ans*, which appears in his published works, but which no manager has yet been bold enough to mount. The action of the prologue takes place in the house of Scarron, in 1660. Françoise d'Aubigné, before she became his wife, had been beloved by Antoine de Méran, a young Huguenot, who has just returned to France after a ten years' absence. They were only children in those days; but she had never forgotten her boy-lover, and his exile had been cheered by the hope of finding her free on his return.

Antoine departs for America, taking with him his young brother. Before he goes, however, Mme. Scarron gives him a hymn-book as a keepsake, in which she has written her own name and his, with the words "Au revoir" and the date. The play begins fifteen years afterwards, when Mme. Scarron has become Mme. de Maintenon, and a great personage at Court. Her marriage with Louis XIV. is about to take place. She has, however, one determined enemy, the Minister Louvois, who watches her incessantly, and hopes, before it is too late, to find out something sufficiently to her discredit to induce his master to abandon his intention. At this juncture Samuel de Méran, the brother of Antoine, and his living image, returns from America. Antoine is dead, and has charged Samuel to give back the hymn-book to Mme. de Maintenon with his own hands. In it he has written, under the former inscription, the word "Adieu." Louvois observes her confusion when Samuel is announced, and her emotion as she takes the book. We should here mention that a Huguenot conspiracy is going on, the Edict of Nantes having been revoked, chiefly through the influence of La Maintenon, as the Huguenots believe. In the second act we assist at a meeting of the conspirators, of whom the chief is a M. de Croix St. Paul. Samuel de Méran has been induced to join them, and listens to a proposal made by an envoy of William of Orange to aid them with a considerable force, on the condition of receiving certain French towns in exchange for his assistance. The terms are about to be accepted, when Samuel bursts out with an appeal to their patriotism, which so changes the feeling of the meeting that only two votes are recorded in favour of the proposition. M. de St. Paul, who sees that all action is now hopeless, suspects treachery on the part of Samuel, whose interview with the hated Maintenon has become known to him. Thereupon, to try his sincerity, he proposes to him to assist in a plot to seize the person of the young Duke of Burgundy as a hostage. Samuel accepts. Louvois, however, is informed of the plot, and of Samuel's share in it. He has also become possessed of the famous hymn-book, and imagines, not unnaturally, that Antoine de Méran had not only been the lover of Mlle. d'Aubigné, but that Samuel is her son. The plot fails; Samuel and the others are arrested, and the proofs of Mme. de Maintenon's supposed infidelity are placed in the King's hands. In the fourth act the King holds a Cabinet Council in Mme. de Maintenon's bed-chamber, after which she begs the life of Samuel. Then comes the most dramatic scene in the play. The King discloses to her his knowledge of the existence of the hymn-book, and his conviction that Samuel is her son. In vain she denies the accusation, the King refuses to believe her; he signs the pardon, however, and hands it to her, but under the terrible condition that if she makes use of it she must at once leave the Court. Placed in such an alternative, she hesitates for a moment; but her eyes fall on Antoine's gift, which the King had left with her, and she determines to sacrifice her ambition to save the life of his brother. She hurries to the prison, and implores Samuel to accept the pardon. He, however, suspected by his Huguenot friends, who, as they pass on their way to the scaffold, cry "Judas" at him, prefers death to a dishonoured life, tears the paper, and joins his comrades as the curtain falls.

In this analysis we have kept ourselves strictly to the main outlines of the play. There are, however, many interesting episodes, and allusions to passing events, cleverly introduced so as to help the accuracy of the historical picture, the fidelity of which is further assisted by a scrupulously exact *mise-en-scène* and correct dresses. We gather, therefore, as the play proceeds, a very clear notion of the atmosphere of plot and counterplot in which the "Grand Monarque" lived; and of the difficulties with which Mme. de Maintenon had to contend in mounting step by step the ladder of her high ambition. After all, however, what was M. Coppée's leading idea in writing *Madame de Maintenon*, viewing the work not as a history, but as a play? We think it is clear that he meant his great scene to be that in which the alternative of Samuel de Méran's life or the crown of France is proposed to Mme. de Maintenon. Such being the case, we submit that under his treatment of the situation curiosity may be excited, but that is all. For, after all, what is the young man to her? He is only the brother of a Huguenot who had never been seriously her lover, and with whom she had had only a single interview (that in the prologue) since she was twelve years old. His life or death could not, therefore, move her greatly; and the scenes in which she recalls the memory of Antoine, and so passionately pleads with the King for Samuel's life, and then entreats him to accept the proffered pardon, sound like "a tale of little meaning, though the words be strong."

The part of Mme. de Maintenon has been taken by Mme. Fargueil. She is, or rather has been, an excellent actress; but years have told upon her, and her voice is hardly strong enough for the size of the Théâtre de l'Odéon. Moreover, she has never had many opportunities of speaking verse. M. Lacressonnière, who plays Louis XIV., labours under similar disadvantages. The brothers De Méran are acted by M. Chelles, a young actor, who has only lately returned to the Parisian stage from Russia. We saw him a few months ago in *Jack*, a play founded on Daudet's powerful novel; and his present admirable performance does but confirm the favourable opinion we then formed of him. If he goes on as he has begun, he may in a few years be one of the first of French actors. The minor parts are all respectably performed.

Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme, which was one of the pieces revived at the Comédie Française for the anniversary of last autumn, has been lately given again. Great care has been

taken to present it exactly as it was originally given before Louis XIV. at the Château de Chambord, October 14, 1670; so as to give as accurate an idea as is now possible of one of the Court entertainments of that period. The dresses have been studied from contemporary authorities, and the original music and ballets are all introduced. Nothing can be imagined more beautiful than this combination of historical research, graceful movements, agreeable sounds, and admirable acting. The absurdity of the situations into which M. Jourdain is led by his love of great people and their ways is enhanced by the pomp and circumstance with which he is now surrounded. For instance, when the tailor brings home his new suit of clothes, and directs his servants to put them on "in the manner they use with people of quality," the whole business is done solemnly to the sound of music, the tailors gravely dancing round and round him, while some undress him, and others, still dancing, present each new article of dress. The fun, of course, culminates in the *Cérémonie Turque*, when he is initiated into the faith of Mahomet, a scene to which the magnificent architecture of the hall in which it is played, and the rich colours of the oriental dresses, impart the splendour of a picture by Veronese. M. Thiron plays M. Jourdain with infinite humour, and a total absence of vulgarity; and Mlle. Jouassain impersonates his wife with equal ability. The natural high spirits of Mlle. Samary stand her in good stead as Nicole; and, though she may not have all the graces of Mlle. Augustine Brohan, whom we saw in the part some years ago, yet she plays it with much liveliness and spirit. We must not forget either M. Truffier, the "maitre de danse," who dances as gracefully as if he had been a ballet-master all his life; or M. Göt, who glorifies the small part of Le Mufti into a great comic impersonation; or M. Delaunay, who displays a charming humour as the Turkish Prince. The *Cérémonie*, as presided over by him, is alone worth going to see.

The Parisian public, as we expected, has declined to make *La Princesse de Bagdad* the success that was expected by the author and M. Perrin. The Comédie has, therefore, been constrained to produce a new piece—a comedy in three acts—called *Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie*, by M. Pailleron, the only one of the older writers still available. He is known as the successful author of *Les Four Ménages*, a powerful but disagreeable piece in four acts, played at the Français in 1869; and of several trifles, of which the latest and prettiest, *L'Étincelle*, is so popular in Paris, and was so strangely misunderstood in London. *Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie* is a bright and bustling comedy of modern life, dealing with literary and scientific people, their parasites, and their imitators. More than twenty characters take part in the action, in some of which well-known persons may be recognized; and the dialogue, which is full of hits at the follies of the day, is unusually brilliant. It is needless to say that it is admirably acted by the principal artists of the company. Before concluding, we may mention a curious experiment that M. Perrin is about to make. Having been reproached for not giving the younger artists an opportunity of appearing, he has determined to present them "standing staring altogether," in a solemn revival of *Le Mariage de Figaro*. Mlle. Baretta will play Suzanne, M. Coquelin cadet Figaro, and so forth. We shall await the result with interest; but we can hardly look forward to a success. Indeed, we much doubt whether M. Perrin is anxious to achieve one.

We are sorry to see that the veteran actor M. Ravel died last week. He had been on the stage for nearly half a century. In his younger days he acted at the Théâtre du Palais Royal with Arnal, Bouffé, and Lesueur, and his name will be found among the performers in most of the celebrated pieces that made the reputation of the Theatre at that time. Like his greater contemporaries, however, he did not merely excite laughter. He had considerable command of pathos, and was thus enabled, as he grew older, to play parts less directly farcical, as, for instance, that "very foolish fond old man," Brigard, in *Froufrou*.

REFUNDING THE UNITED STATES DEBT.

THE new Secretary of the United States Treasury has put forward a refunding plan, which, in many respects, is not a little remarkable. The portion of the United States Debt bearing 5 and 6 per cent. interest falls due in the present year; and, at the meeting of Congress in December last, Mr. Sherman, who was then Secretary of the Treasury, recommended a plan of refunding which, in principle, was adopted by Congress; but the Bill, as it ultimately passed, departed from the Secretary's recommendations in two material particulars. It reduced the rate of interest from 3½ to 3 per cent.; and, as Congress doubted whether the bonds at that rate of interest would be freely taken in the open market, it made it compulsory on the national banks to hold the new bonds as security for their note issues. The banks objected so strongly to this latter condition that they began to surrender their right of issue, for that purpose calling in the loans made by them for short periods. The public took alarm, fearing that they could not obtain the accommodation they required; and for a while it looked as if there would be a panic in New York. The interest paid on money for a few days reached for a little time the rate of 300 to 400 per cent. per annum; the prices of Stock Exchange securities fell from 10 to 20 per cent.; and, in short, so great was the disturbance, that the President vetoed the Bill. The

incident happened at a most inconvenient moment. The old Congress was about to come to an end in a day or two; and, at the same time, the President himself was about to go out of office, with his whole Cabinet. It is a striking instance of the difference between the governmental systems of England and the United States that the President, just at the very end of his term, had the courage to veto a Bill which had passed both Houses of Congress, and that in doing so he had the support of the public generally. When the new President entered upon his administration, he found himself in this difficult position. A portion of the Debt amounting to about 140 millions sterling was about to fall due, and no provision had been made by Congress with which to meet it. It is true that the Debt was merely payable—that is to say, need not necessarily be paid off. But the credit of the United States was good enough to reduce interest to 3½ per cent., and it would, therefore, be sheer waste to go on paying 5 and 6 per cent. Besides, the money market could hardly be expected to settle down and confidence to be restored while the refunding question remained in suspense. Yet there was a general fear that, if the matter was again referred to Congress, the disturbance might be repeated. The question, then, for the new President and his Cabinet to consider was, What was to be done? Here in England we should answer at once, "Call Congress together, and let it decide." But, as we have said, in the United States there was a very strong popular feeling against calling Congress together. This unwillingness to remit the matter to Congress affords striking evidence of the low estimation in which representative government is held in the United States. *A priori* one would think that a more unsatisfactory way of selecting an administration could not be devised than the American. Candidates for the Presidency are nominated by conventions of delegates, elected outside the law at hole-and-corner party meetings, and without any legal assurance whatsoever that there is a *bona fide* election; and the candidates are selected on the principle of excluding the best known and the ablest man. Yet, as a matter of fact, the President enjoys the confidence of the public in a far higher degree than does Congress, as is proved most strikingly by the case before us. The new Secretary of the Treasury went to New York to consult with the leading bankers from all parts of the country, and unanimously they urged upon him not to call Congress together, but to adopt a plan himself, for the express purpose of settling the matter without reference to the representatives of the people. And this course the Secretary has in fact adopted, with almost universal approval.

The plan is this. Mr. Windom has called in the whole of the 6 per cent. bonds, amounting in round numbers to about 39 millions sterling; but he has added a proviso that any holder of these bonds who wishes may send them into the Treasury with the request that a new agreement shall be stamped upon their face reducing the rate of interest from 6 per cent. to 3½ per cent., and that then they shall be allowed to stand out. It is contended by Mr. Windom and the bankers generally that this is not a new borrowing; and possibly, in strict law, it may not be so. Unquestionably there is not a new bond executed—that is to say, the old bond is not destroyed and a new one substituted for it. Yet, if we put aside special pleading, and look at the matter from a plain common-sense point of view, it appears clear that a new contract is really entered into. The Secretary of the Treasury calls in the 6 per cent. bonds, and by the fact of doing so it would seem clear that they have ceased to be current, and ought to be paid off and cancelled. Instead of doing so, however, at the request of the holders of the bonds or a proportion of them, he substitutes a 3½ per cent. rate of interest for a 6 per cent. Surely this is a new borrowing to all intents and purposes. At any rate, if not a new borrowing, it is a new contract. It is a prolongation of an old loan on new conditions, and, according to all the principles of representative government, it would seem that this cannot and ought not to be done by a Minister without authority from the legislature. Mr. Windom and those who approve his course, however, contend that an authority from Congress is not required; that the holder of the bonds is perfectly competent, if he pleases, to take 3½ per cent. instead of 6 per cent., and that the Secretary merely complies with his request; that the Secretary is not bound to pay off the Debt, and is not bound to pay a higher rate of interest than the holder of the bonds is willing to accept. It will be understood that we are not here examining the legality of the act. Our object rather is to call attention to the wide latitude which American Ministers claim for themselves and which American public opinion allows where here in England we should hold our Chancellor of the Exchequer to the strict letter of the law. It is remarkable, too, that the banks do not appear to entertain a doubt as to the binding character of the reduced bond. Should any one choose to question the authority of the Secretary of the Treasury, it possibly might be held that he had exceeded his powers, and that this new contract is not binding. In that case the question would arise whether the old bonds had expired, and whether the new contract could be enforced. Yet public opinion in the United States seems to have decided that it is perfectly safe to accept this arrangement with the Secretary, and it is generally expected that the new plan will be successful. It is announced furthermore that the Secretary of the Treasury has already sent an agent to London to receive the bonds of the European holders who may wish to retain them at the reduced rate of interest, and no doubt is felt that here also the plan will be accepted. If this should prove to be the case, and the great majority of the 6 per cent. bonds are retained by the present holders, the Secretary will pro-

ceed to do the same with the 5 per cents., which amount to about 100 millions sterling or a little over. But if the general expectation should be disappointed, and a large number of holders should prefer to receive their money rather than to enter into a new contract for which there is no Congressional authority, the Secretary of the Treasury has the means of satisfying them, so far at least as the 6 per cent. bonds are concerned. He holds at present a very large amount of cash in the Treasury, by means of which he can pay off a considerable amount of the bonds, and, if this fund should be exhausted without paying off all the bonds presented for payment, he possesses, or believes that he possesses, authority to issue new 4½ per cent. bonds to the amount of 21 millions sterling. By an Act passed some years ago for refunding the debt at a lower rate of interest, the Secretary of the Treasury was empowered to issue a certain amount of 4½ per cent. bonds, which he never exhausted, finding that he could equally well issue 4 per cents., and, of course, preferring the bonds bearing the lower rate of interest. The present Secretary of the Treasury contends that the power which is given under this old Act has not expired; and, we believe, that in this contention he is supported by Mr. Sherman, and by the present and past Attorneys-General. The contention would seem, to English notions at least, open to question. The Act to which we refer was passed for the purpose of refunding a portion of the Debt then about to fall due, and the authority given to the Secretary of the Treasury was to issue bonds bearing various rates of interest, but all in the aggregate not exceeding a certain amount. The Secretary of the Treasury preferred to issue the whole amount of 4 per cents. which he was empowered to do, and it would, therefore, seem that all his powers were exhausted. But Mr. Windom contends that this is not so, and he is prepared, as we have said, to issue 21 millions sterling of 4½ per cents. if the necessity should arise. In all this criticism, we repeat, we are expressing no opinion as to the legality of the steps taken by the Secretary of the Treasury. Our object, as we have already said, is to bring out the difference of practice as regards a money matter, on which generally there is so much jealousy of the Executive, that prevails in the two great English-speaking nations, both equally attached to freedom. Here in England, the most powerful and the most popular Chancellor of the Exchequer would never be allowed to strain to such an extent an Act of Parliament, and, indeed, it may be doubted whether the most autocratic Minister that England has seen for the last hundred years would ever think of assuming so much authority. It is to this point, and to the low esteem into which Congress has fallen in the United States, that we would direct attention. We are content to assume that the Secretary of the Treasury is acting upon the best legal advice, and that he will be sustained in his opinion by the decision of the courts, should the question ever be brought to a judicial issue.

As legal doubts do not seem to be felt, it is highly probable that the holders of the Fives and Sixes will generally consent to retain their bonds at the reduced rate of interest. It is perfectly certain that the credit of the United States is good enough to borrow at 3½ per cent., and perhaps even at a little lower; and, therefore, the holders will feel that they cannot make a better bargain than to receive at par the new 3½ per cents., which probably in the course of a very little while will rise considerably above par, and thus what they lose in interest they will gain in principal. Here in Europe, too, the same considerations will have their effect, though it is possible that in Europe there may be stronger doubts entertained of the legality of what the Secretary is doing. Still, the bargain is a tempting one, and it is probable that the Secretary's plan will be highly successful. Assuming that it is so, the process of reducing the United States Debt will go on at an accelerated rate. Between the close of the Civil War and the end of last June about 160 millions sterling of the United States Debt was paid off, and at the same time the charge of the Debt, partly by these payments and partly by refunding, was reduced to about one-half. During the current financial year, which our readers will remember begins with July, there has been a further very large amount of debt paid off. And it is probable that a still larger amount will be paid off in the course of the next few months. Indeed, at present the rate of reducing the Debt is, at the very lowest, 20 millions sterling a year. When the reduction of interest is effected, all the interest saved will be available for paying off debt, and thus every saving effected goes to amplify the means for wiping off debt. It is extremely probable, therefore, as is generally assumed, that in the course of the next fifteen years the Debt of the United States will have disappeared, provided always, of course, that there is not such another panic, followed by a long depression, as was witnessed in 1873. The Secretary of the Treasury's plan is, as we have said, simply to leave the old bonds outstanding, so that they can be paid off as rapidly as he has the means of doing so. Up to the present the bonds have run for a fixed period certain, at the end of which period only the right of redemption arose; but now these "extended" bonds, as they are called, will be payable at any time the Secretary chooses to call them in, and he will, therefore, have it in his power to use the entire surplus at his disposal in the reduction of debt as rapidly as it accumulates.

THE PICTURE GALLERIES.

II.

DESPITE the absence of Mr. Burne Jones, whose loss is now deplored with every outward token of sincerity in quarters where his talent was the least admired, the exhibition of the Grosvenor Gallery presents a very interesting and varied display of artistic work. Strange to say, it is more than usually strong in the kind of painting that is popularly supposed to have no claim upon its hospitality. The higher forms of imaginative design suffer no neglect, and the examples in this kind contributed by Mr. Watts are among the artist's most successful achievements. Sir Coutts Lindsay also sends a large and powerful composition in illustration of Dante, and Mr. Britten and Mr. Richmond are represented by important canvasses of a decorative character. But it nevertheless remains true that some of the most impressive work in the Gallery belongs distinctly to the realm of realistic art. Portrait and landscape, which offer the noblest employment for the resources of realism, have rarely been so fully or so powerfully represented. In the place of honour in the East Gallery hangs a portrait by Mr. E. J. Gregory, which is truly a masterly performance in its kind. Mr. Gregory interprets character in no spirit of compromise. He is ever on the look out for the beauty and refinement that belong to his own art, and there is, indeed, beauty of a very high order in the work before us; but he does not seek by any means to soften the facts of nature, or to enhance the charm of his subject by substituting a face and form of his own creation. He is, in short, a vigorous realist, armed in an exceptional degree with the technical power needed to reproduce his impressions. And yet, underlying and controlling these technical gifts, we may detect a fine sense of style, by the aid of which the painter is able to give to the most literal and veracious copy of nature a certain dignity of its own. Mr. Gregory, as may be judged from this example of his work, is also a gifted colourist. The painting of the flesh tones in the face, and the execution of the white satin dress, could only have proceeded from an artist whose taste and perception are as highly cultivated as his hand. It is impossible, in looking at this remarkable portrait, not to be reminded, as much, perhaps, by force of contrast as by resemblance, of the portraiture of Mr. Millais. There are two pictures by the popular painter in the present exhibition; and in both of them there is an ample display of power. The first is a version of the same face and form that have served as the model in *Cinderella*; the second—which may almost be considered a sketch on a large scale—is a half-length portrait of Mrs. Perugini. In the skill bestowed upon isolated passages of his work, Mr. Millais can always, when he so chooses, place himself beyond the reach of rivalry, and he may equally be said to stand alone in the extraordinary sympathy which he can command with the most opposite types of character. What he lacks in his art is just that feeling for unity of effect which forms such a marked characteristic of Mr. Gregory's work. With the strength of a giant in all that concerns the rendering of particular realities either of colour, texture, or surface, he nevertheless constantly misses that subtle element of harmony which is needed to bring the separate portions of his work into right relation. This defect, it must be said, is always least prominent in compositions of only a single figure, such as the delightful child portrait here exhibited. The colouring of the face, of the most brilliant quality, is skilfully supported by the masterly rendering of the fair tones of the dress, and both again are powerfully enforced by the dark background which encompasses and defines the figure. In the same panel hangs the work of an artist whose realism is of a wholly different order. Mr. Holman Hunt, whose head of Professor Owen recalls the manner of the early German painters, leaves about his painting the traces of effort. The result, however admirable, is evidently gained by much labour. It represents a complex and minute process of execution applied to effects of light and colour that are sometimes of the most fleeting character, and thus it will sometimes happen that, though each separate touch may be verified by the witness of nature, the work as a whole misses the force and magic of illusion. Allowing, however, for these limitations of style, which belong to the general system of his art, and affect the quality of his invention no less than the technical character of the execution, this portrait of Professor Owen may be regarded as a very remarkable example of the painter's powers. Though the character of the face has been laboriously built up, as it were, by a series of separate and independent touches, it carries at last an impression of force and power. The truth would seem to be that Mr. Hunt's peculiar method is specially adapted to the rendering of features strongly and definitely marked. It succeeds less completely in giving the freshness and beauty of youth where the emphasis of detail is always in danger of overpowering the truth of the general impression. Here, it must be confessed, the realism of Mr. Millais, though less searching and methodical, comes nearer to illusion. Among other examples of vigorous portraiture to be found in the exhibition, the several heads contributed by Mr. Collier occupy a prominent place. The likeness of Lady Lawrence is remarkable for an original and effective treatment of light and shade; but perhaps the work that displays to greatest advantage Mr. Collier's masculine manner of working is the head of Mr. Walter Pollock, where the execution is wonderfully free, certain, and effective. There is here no appearance of labour, and yet the slightness and liberty of method yield a result of strength and solidity. In the portraiture of Mr. Richmond, of which there

are numerous and interesting examples, we come upon work of widely different aim. Mr. Richmond scarcely attempts to imitate texture and surface either in the flesh-painting or in the rendering of costume. He finds his success upon refinement and completeness of design, and is content for the most part with broad and simple effects of colour. Perhaps the most complete expression of his style is given in the seated figure of the Bishop of Salisbury, which, according to its own standard, deserves to rank among the most remarkable portraits of the year. But this sentiment for beauty of outline and delicacy of modelling which belongs to Mr. Richmond's work is most happily employed upon the faces of women and children, and the portraits of Miss Holland and Mrs. Lylph Stanley in the large room, to which may be added the graceful head of the Princess Louise, are admirable instances of what may be achieved by a painter who deliberately renounces many of the qualities of realistic colour which are commonly sought for in portraiture. We must not omit from the list of works in this class the contributions of Mr. Frank Holl, executed with an even and sustained vigour of handling, and marked by a firm grasp of individual character; and we may also direct attention to the several portraits by Mr. Hallé, and to a solidly painted head by Mr. Partington, a Manchester artist of ability and promise.

The array of landscapes in the exhibition is scarcely of inferior interest. In the East Gallery hangs a large and impressive study of the mountain scenery of Wales by Mr. Herkomer. For a work executed out of doors and in direct contact with nature, it displays remarkable unity and concentration of effect. There is no excessive elaboration of detail, though the rocky surface of the foreground is carefully and completely rendered; but there is in every part of the picture a fine sense of the quality and value of colour. With a canvas of these dimensions, and with a subject that has no incident to divert or distract attention, it would have been easy to have failed where Mr. Herkomer has succeeded. Anything less than the refinement of sentiment and of observation that he has brought to his task would inevitably have suggested the criticism that such a theme did not deserve to be treated on this extended scale. But Mr. Herkomer has avoided the reproach of emptiness by the delicate beauty of his colouring, and he has justified the choice of a large canvas by the solemn and dignified impression which he has succeeded in producing. In the next room hangs a landscape, of almost equal dimensions, by Mr. Mark Fisher, a painter who loves to depict the pastoral scenery of France, and who betrays in his method the influence of certain masters of the French school. As a representation of the season of spring the picture is possibly open to the objection that the general scheme of colouring is needlessly subdued. It would have been a more complete triumph for the artist if he had succeeded in infusing the same spirit of tranquillity that now animates his work into a composition of stronger and more vivid tone. But, according to the view that he has chosen to take of his subject, the picture deserves little but praise. The colour, though not of great strength, has admirable quality, and the execution is wonderfully broad and simple in character. There is no affectation of mastery, no failure anywhere of the power needed to give effect to his purpose; and in these respects the picture might serve as a model of style to the school of landscape-painters who are disposed to force certain portions of their work into competition with nature and to smudge and smear the remainder. Mr. Lawson's landscapes naturally attract a considerable amount of attention in the Grosvenor Gallery, for it was through these annual exhibitions that his talent was first made widely known to the public. It is gratifying to find upon the testimony of the several works bearing his name that the artist has taken a new departure in the manner of his painting, and that he is able to vary and extend his scheme of colour. Such art as this, with its strong admixture of poetical sentiment, stands in need of constant refreshment from the study of nature. The qualities for which it is most admired may easily be transformed into conventional defects, unless the painter is careful to keep his imagination always supplied with fresh material. Mr. Lawson has found inspiration for his recent work in the picturesque scenery of Yorkshire, and his two principal pictures illustrate the beauties of wild moorland and fruitful vale with a power and completeness of effect that he had not before attained. The "Valley of Desolation," with its sharp contrast of blue sky and lowering cloud, and its wide expanse of barren heath, is marked by a kind of dramatic quality that is especially rare in modern landscape. The colouring, it may be added, has a greater distinctness than has been usual in Mr. Lawson's later works, and there is an equal sense of mystery without the same sacrifice of definition in form. We may add to the list of landscapes the "Forget-me-Not" of Alfred Parsons, the view of a Berkshire hill by Keeley Halsewelle, and the delicate studies of Algerian scenery by Mr. Barclay. Mr. Howard, Mr. Walter Crane, Mr. Phil Morris, and Mr. Buxton Knight are also among the contributors in this class.

OTHELLO AT THE LYCEUM.

THE performances given of *Othello* on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at the Lyceum Theatre are remarkable, not only for the appearance of three great performers in the parts of Othello and Iago and Desdemona, but also for a completeness of cast and a well-tempered beauty of mounting which probably have never been surpassed, if, indeed, they have ever been rivalled. We can-

not point even to a suggestion of incompetence in any part, however subordinate; while the more important characters are played with a spirit and success which might atone for other shortcomings if they existed. To this we shall recur after speaking of the performance of the three leading parts. Of Mr. Booth's Othello we have already written at some length. The impression given by his representation at the Princess's of the truth of his conception and the skill and daring of his execution of the part is, as might have been foreseen, deepened by his appearance in circumstances so much more favourable. The chivalry, the poetry, the dignity of the part seem now more marked than they were before. The valiant Othello, as represented by Mr. Booth, has nothing of the savagery which has been imported into the character by actors whose gifts have sometimes blinded their audiences to what strikes us as the radical defect in their idea of the character. It is difficult to reconcile the notion of the not only blind, but absolutely degrading, fury which has on some occasions been attributed to Othello either with his winning such a wife as Brabantio's daughter, with the high repute in which he is held by the magnificoes, or with the account given of his nature by Iago, not to others, but to himself in soliloquy. Mr. Booth's Othello feels it as a bitter degradation to have threatened Iago, under the influence of the strongest passion, with his dagger, and to have asked him to set on his wife to observe. He would be incapable of actually kicking the prostrate body of an uncomplaining person whom he takes to be his friend. The chivalrous and romantic idea of the character which is illustrated by such points as these is, as we have said, more successfully apparent now than it was when Mr. Booth played the part amid surroundings which were not worthy of him; and there are some special points in his representation which gain so much from the changed atmosphere, that it is worth while to dwell upon them once again. Among these are the complete command and dignity of "Keep up your bright swords," the playing of the very difficult scene in which the Moor is employed at one moment in welcoming Lodovico and at the next in letting loose his waked wrath on Desdemona, and the throwing away—already referred to—of the dagger with which he threatens Iago. The speech to the Senate tells now much better than it did before, but we still have to object to the leading up to the point of "and I loved her that she did pity them," which mars the full effect of the line "This only is the witchcraft I have used." It must be noted, however, that this line is given with a complete dignity, which before it seemed to lack. So also in the great scene with Iago, the overpowering effect of Othello's passion, the more terrible because it is restrained by the sense of dignity which should belong to a great general, seems greater. In thus repeating our admiration for Mr. Booth's at once strong and romantic Othello we have only two criticisms to add. The lines

I kiss'd thee ere I killed thee: no way but this,
Killing myself, to die upon a kiss.

are so completely in consonance with the actor's conception of the character—which we take to be the true one—that their omission seems markedly unfortunate. The only other fault we have to find is a matter of stage management rather than of acting. There seems to us to be a certain want of dignity in the double action which Mr. Booth employs with his sword in the scene of the brawl. To strike up the swords of the quarrellers would surely be enough without making a second downward stroke at Cassio's blade.

Mr. Irving's Iago had been eagerly expected. It had long been thought that he might play this part with signal success; but perhaps even his most constant, by which we do not mean his blindest, admirers may not have been prepared for the completeness of the success which he has attained. That the performance would be charged with thought, invention, and the highest skill in some directions could be easily foreseen. That the actor should, to these tolerably certain merits, add an entire throwing off of the mannerisms which have sometimes gone to injure his efforts was less to be expected. In this matter Mr. Irving curiously bore out Mr. Byron's very sensible theory that it is unsafe to judge a play or a player by a first night's performance. The fine qualities just referred to were present in Mr. Irving's Iago when he played it on Monday night, but they were then far less fully discernible than they were on Wednesday. On the first night some of his best effects came, compared with his subsequent performance, tardy off, in consequence no doubt of the nervousness which, as far as one can learn, all fine actors experience in undertaking a new and important part for the first time. With, as it seems to us, one exception, Mr. Irving shows us an ideal Iago; and this exception we take to the seriousness of the revengeful motive which he gives to the Ancient. He seems to take Iago's jealousy of Othello, if not of Cassio, with regard to Emilia as a real thing, and it has always seemed to us to be a kind of myth conjured up by Iago to at once excuse and amuse himself. Jealous he was undoubtedly, but hardly, perhaps, in that direction, and no lesser form of jealousy could be taken as an extenuating circumstance. However, Iago is from any point of view an extraordinarily complex character, and there is no doubt plenty of room for the idea which Mr. Irving seems to us to have adopted. Granted this, and, as it only comes forward in a very few passages, it can readily be granted, the actor's Iago seems to us first-rate all through both in conception and in execution. He is, in a sense different from the original one, all things to all men, the blunt reluctant counsellor of Othello, the pleasant travelled boon companion of Cassio, the complete man of the world who dazzles and honours Roderigo by taking him into his confidence, the rude yet fascinating husband to Emilia, and, in his own company, the

demi-devil who makes, at the risk and cost of his own undoing, the net that shall enmesh them all. It may be noted as a fine stroke of art that, except in soliloquy, he seems, through all the varying shades of character which he assumes a fellow of exceeding honesty. Mr. Irving conveys, by many fine touches, a sense of Iago's constant watchfulness over himself as well as over others. Thus, when he is left alone in the Sagittary, he thinks out his scheme with quick, but not unnaturally quick, astuteness; and, just as he is triumphing in the prospect of his success, footsteps are heard and guards with lighted torches pass along the corridor at the back. In an instant the whole nature of the man seems to change, and, in place of the plotting and exultant villain, we see a light-hearted soldier of fortune, who goes out towards and along the corridor carelessly humming a snatch of melody. In the first Cyprus scene Mr. Irving's delivery of the well-known speech beginning "She that was ever fair and never proud" seems to us as good as possible, as does his "aside" while Cassio is talking to Desdemona. There is another singularly fine touch in the subsequent soliloquy, "That Cassio loves her I do well believe it." In saying this to himself Mr. Irving's Iago has no hesitation; but when it comes to "That she loves him" he pauses, and the following words, "'tis apt, and of great credit," are the invention of a will which, for a moment puzzled, sees its way suddenly to solving a difficulty. We have already alluded to the signal merit of Mr. Irving's acting in the drinking scene, in which he sings capably, introducing at one point, with good effect, a mandolin accompaniment, as we have to the honest reluctance with which he seems to give his evidence against Cassio. Close upon this, and upon his seemingly friendly cheering of Cassio, comes the soliloquy ending with "and out of her own goodness make the net That shall enmesh them all." The diabolical intensity of this was much aided by the impressive stillness of the actor until the last picturesque and meaning gesture of triumph.

The naturalness and seemingly easy strength hitherto displayed came out, as they should do, even more strongly in the scenes wherein the Moor changes with Iago's poison, and a scene admirably played by both actors comes to a fine conclusion with the perfect hypocrisy of Iago's "My friend is dead; 'tis done at your request," and Othello's following expression of trust and friendship. So, again, in the scene with Emilia and Desdemona, the expression of sympathy, interrupted only by the very well given speech to Emilia, "You are a fool; go to," seems as spontaneous and real as possible, as does the astonishment assumed at the supposed first discovery of the brawl in which Cassio is wounded and Rodrigo killed. The stage-management of this scene cannot be too highly praised. In this Mr. Irving, like Mr. Booth in the same part, introduces a very effective and obviously legitimate business by showing Iago on the point of making an end of Cassio with a stab in the back, when he is interrupted by the arrival of others, and changes his attitude with swift dexterity. The stoical endurance shown in the last scene, the extraordinarily significant delivery of the words, "I bleed, sir, but not killed," and the shrug of the shoulders as Iago, passing out with his hands shackled, looks round at Othello, make a worthy ending to what will surely rank as one of Mr. Irving's very finest impersonations. His bearing and his aspect throughout seem to us excellent; in spite of the amusing suggestion made by a critic who seems to have very odd ideas about the play in general, and about Iago in particular, that so honest a man as Iago passed for could not possibly wear so handsome a dress.

Miss Ellen Terry's Desdemona is, as might be expected, instinct with grace and tenderness, which are exhibited with especial beauty in the scene when and after Othello rates her for her supposed unfaithfulness. Of this we may have more to say after the performance of the play next week with Mr. Irving as Othello and Mr. Booth as Iago. Mr. Mead's Brabantio is at once stately and pathetic. Mr. Terriess's is by very far the best Cassio we have seen. He is soldier-like, is a gentleman even in his cups, and gives more point to the speeches about wine by carefully avoiding any suggestion of making points of them. Mr. Pinero, in Rodrigo, without a touch of exaggeration, gives an exact picture of the "silly gentleman," which Iago calls him, combining with much skill the ideas suggested by both words. Miss Pauncefort plays Emilia with some force and with much discretion; and Mr. Beaumont, as the Duke, displays the same dignity and good elocution which were observed in his Duke in the *Merchant of Venice*. The play is, as we have hinted, beautifully, but not excessively, mounted.

THE SPRING RACING.

THE profits as well as the pleasures of racing men must depend in great measure on the weather, and the proverbial uncertainty of the Turf is aggravated by the provoking eccentricities of our inscrutable climate. Commencing with the Craven Meeting, the spring racing has been carried on under singularly depressing circumstances on the "high places" affected to the national sport. For, with the single exception of Newmarket Heath, there are few bleaker spots in Southern England than Epsom Downs when the wind has been shifting from east to north. If confirmed wet is likely to be productive of surprises, protracted drought is sure to be prolific of the disappointments which leave sanguine backers "out in the cold," often without the satisfaction of a start for

their money. When the going is heavy over a muddy course, some obscure outsider with the power of a dray-horse may show to the front amid the shouts of the Ring, as in Dan O'Rourke's memorable Derby, when the winner started with 30 to 1 against him. But, when the ground has been parched to the consistency of iron, many promising horses may go to pieces in their gallops; and we may believe that it is to the present persistence of the easterly winds that we owe not a few of the recent sensations in the betting. Indeed, some animals that had been made warm favourites have been acknowledged to have broken down, like Mr. Crawford's St. Louis, who was credited with the honour of the Middle Park Plate; while the rumours in circulation about others have been partially confirmed, either by their being withdrawn from their engagements, or by their subsequent performances. And, even when a horse continues sound, the state of the ground may have interfered seriously with his preparation, or he may be withheld from a comparatively insignificant race to save him for some event of more consequence. It is certain that a phenomenal drought like the present must test the stamina of our best blood stock, and search out all the weak points in their constitutions. And, when we see so many of the expected starters come to the post with nothing wrong about their limbs and in high condition, it is not only creditable to the knowledge and care of the trainers, but generally reassuring after all we have heard of the growing degeneracy of the racehorse. But, if a dry season tries the soundness of the horse, it tests to the utmost the qualities of the jockey; and then, especially those who are prudent, will do well to consider before putting on the money who is likely to have the mount. Over deep and holding ground the simple secret with most horses is to sit still, with steady hands, and not to hustle prematurely. It is when the course is hard, when the pace must be regulated, and when the consequences of a cannon may be doubly serious, that the talent and coolness of the rider come into play. So they were wise in their generation who backed the wary and experienced Archer to win the City and Suburban on Bend Or.

Had there been a westerly wind and less chilly sunshine, the Craven Meeting would have been pleasant enough, though on this occasion the Craven Biennial was tame. As a rule, people go to the Craven less for the actual racing than to listen to the gossip of the Heath, and to get lights that may be useful in forthcoming transactions. This year the attendance was small, nor was there nearly so much as usual to be learned. The winners for the most part disposed very easily of indifferent fields; though in some instances, as is too often the case, the public performances woefully disappointed the reputations that had been formed on private trials. On the other hand, it is improbable or impossible that the results of this year's Craven will be sensationally reversed in any of the great summer or autumn races, as has not unfrequently happened before. The Craven Biennial, which was run on the opening day, has been associated with signal victories that have proved strikingly delusive. This year Tunis ran an exceedingly good horse, justifying his promise and character as a two-year-old; but it is certain that neither of the competitors he disposed of with ease can ever show to the front, either in the Derby or Ledger. There was far more interest in the race for the Craven Stakes on the Thursday, as conclusions might be drawn from it for guidance as to the Two Thousand Guineas. Great things had been expected of Monarch, the handsome son of Kingcraft. On the strength of satisfactory trials he was supposed to have been entrusted with the money of his stable, which was very strongly represented by no less than three favourites. But Monarch was in difficulties early in the race; he knocked up a long way from the finish; while Lord Rosebery's Cameliard won by half a length from his stable companion, Golden Plover, who had been kept back specially for these Craven Stakes. The pair met again in the Two Thousand, when the Newmarket running was confirmed; and Golden Plover must be ranked as one of those unlucky animals who are destined to land their friends in difficulties. Hitherto they have found excuses for him after each successive defeat, persistently continuing to take the odds, apparently on the principle of better luck next time.

Matters were better arranged this year at Epsom than last season. The meeting was compressed into a couple of days, and it did not clash with the gathering at Sandown. It may be said, on the whole, to have been favoured by the weather; for, although the first day was simply execrable, the second was exceptionally fine. But the number of spectators on Tuesday was small, and would certainly have been smaller had unfortunate amateurs realized all they were destined to undergo. We have seen the Derby run in a June snowstorm; but even in an English May it is happily somewhat unusual to have snow and sleet, with a violent thunderstorm. The course was white when the horses came out of the paddock for the Great Metropolitan Stakes, and the start was delayed besides by the sudden storm which sent the competitors back to shelter. But, if the customary inspection in the paddock was hurried over or altogether neglected, there was comparatively little cause for regret. There was little to be seen in the way of horseflesh that was much worth looking at; and what had promised at one time to be an unusually large field had dwindled down at the last to eight actual starters. It was a poor field, but it was a good race; and an outsider, with 20 to 1 offered against him, won an extremely exciting finish by something like a head. Brown Bess, a five-year-old, who had been rejected from the Fyfield Stable, and came in carrying a feather weight, must probably be content to rest her racing fame on the surprise of the Great Metropolitan Stakes. Those Londoners who indulge themselves in

a spring meeting at Epsom elect for the City and Suburban day as a matter of course; and on Wednesday, having assembled in their thousands, they had every reason to congratulate themselves on the choice. It was a big day in every respect; the stand was well filled and the hill was crowded; there was a big field for the great race, and not a few of the horses had great reputations; while the weather was nearly all that could be desired, and infinitely better than could have been expected. As might be supposed, when such rival cracks were to meet as Peter, winner of the Middle Park Plate; Bend Or, winner of the Derby; Petrarch, winner of the Two Thousand Guineas; and Prestonpans, winner of the Liverpool Autumn Cup; there was much curiosity as to the result, and there had been strange fluctuations in the betting. "Strange," perhaps, we should hardly say, for among the horses that were most famous few were to be relied on. Peter had been signally beaten at Lincoln, while the Derby winner had disgraced himself in the Leger. Peter carried the top weight of 9 st. 1 lb., and besides some other reasons, to which we do not care to do more than allude, there was enough to explain the violent movements in the betting about him. He had hurt his foot, and been put on the sick-list for a week, and for some days it was understood that he was not intended to start. He did come to the post, and in fair condition; nevertheless, those of his friends who had hedged in time were happy. For he inclined to repeat his Lincoln performance; although, as he got badly away in the miserable start, the chances were greatly against him from the first. The dangerous Buchanan so far shared Peter's ill-luck that he likewise fell from the beginning into the rear ranks; while Petronel, the fortunate winner of the Two Thousand Guineas, who was rather favourably handicapped, getting well away in the front, was fairly beaten on his merits by Bend Or. The triumph of Bend Or, though with his burden of nine stone he seemed to make a liberal concession to so good a horse as Petronel, confirmed the handicapping. He showed in his Derby rather than his Leger form, and Archer helped him past the winning-post, with something to spare. Yet, had the jockeys been transposed, we can have little doubt that Foxhall would have made it a nearer thing, if he had not proved the actual winner. The looks and creditable antecedents of the magnificent American horse amply justified the confidence of his backers, who, we believe, included a considerable proportion of the knowing ones. We are very far from saying that Foxhall was not well ridden. But such a jockey as Archer can afford to give something considerable to a light lad on a powerful animal, pulling double in the crush and scramble over a course so difficult as the Downs. Foxhall, too, by the way, was a sufferer from the weather; for, though there was never anything wrong with his sinewy legs, the east wind had set him coughing for some time. Since the decision of the Epsom events, attention has been concentrated on the Two Thousand Guineas, which was run on Wednesday. In one way the race, that has often been significant, promised to be more exciting than usual, since speculation had seldom been more in the dark. For, besides that exceptional uncertainty in the public performances of the prominent competitors of the season to which we have alluded, the longer the prolongation of the drought, the greater became the risks to the training-stables. It was possible, moreover, that the horses recently engaged, although they had not actually and conspicuously come to grief, might have suffered in some strain that would develop itself afterwards. Peter ran at Epsom, though he had been confidently scratched by some of the talent, which is a proof the more, if proof were needed, that common report is not to be trusted. But rumour had been very busy with the names of the earlier favourites for the Two Thousand, and the barometer of the betting showed conclusively that rumour in this case had been generally believed. Lord Falmouth's Bal Gal, who was said to be touched in the wind last year, was reported to be none the better after the winter. Mr. Stirling Crawford's St. Louis was boldly laid against as being lame, which has turned out to be the case, and Mr. Blanton's Scobell had followed suit for a time, although subsequently he started first in the betting. Cameliard, after his feat at Newmarket, Mr. Chaplin's Wandering Nun, who had run a dead heat with Scobell last year at Lewes, and Peregrine, were, upon the whole, as much in favour as anything. To Peregrine, indeed, a certain degree of mystery attached, as this Two Thousand was his first appearance in public. He had been bought last year of the Duke of Westminster for 700 guineas, but was kept in the stable, and it was said by those who ought to know that he had had a highly satisfactory trial with Bend Or. The result seemed to show that those supposed to be in his secrets had acted on safe information, for he came very easily by three lengths before the American Iroquois, and we may hear a good deal more of him before the Derby Day.

REVIEWS.

LIFE OF BISHOP WILBERFORCE.—VOL. II.*

ON the death of Bishop Wilberforce, and again upon the appearance of the first volume of Canon Ashwell's *Life of the Prelate*, we so fully discussed his character and career that it would

be idle to attempt any general examination in noticing the second volume of his biography which has been brought out by his eldest son, Mr. Reginald Wilberforce. Criticism would naturally be lenient to a work undertaken under circumstances of peculiar difficulty by one standing in such relationship to the subject of the memoir, and belonging to a generation which has practically to accept much of what he describes as ancient history. But, in truth, Mr. Wilberforce is in no need of leniency, for he has shown much ability in performing his task—in particular by the modest consistency with which he constantly effaces himself and makes Bishop Wilberforce speak as far as possible in his own person in letter and in journal, or else receive the confidences of distinguished correspondents whose language throws a reflective light on his own opinions.

Canon Ashwell proceeded on the same principle, but we think that the second biographer has been more happy than his predecessor in letting the reader into the secret of the various phases of a most versatile character. The Wilberforce of the second volume is not always discharging duties. He dines and he breakfasts at Grillon's, and he delights society with his coruscating wit, although, as in one touching passage of his diary where he takes himself to task for a particular occasion when he must have been more than usually brilliant, he sometimes confesses to himself that his repartee grew of the false excitement of a deep and recent sorrow. Moreover, he stands revealed as a keen politician, a Peelite of the Peelite, in that old time when to be a Peelite meant to eschew Radicalism, and Mr. Gladstone, as the Bishop is never tired of recording, was constantly inclining to the Conservatives—ever, it would seem, approaching, yet never joining hands. Mr. Wilberforce may, indeed, fear that in printing his father's outspoken soliloquies over men and things he has here and there come out with a startling opinion upon this or that highly-placed personage who is still living. Such passages are, however, sparsely scattered through the book; while it can do no one any harm to learn that the aversion with which Bishop Wilberforce regarded both Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston was impartially intense. Of Sir James Graham he speaks in higher terms than have always been bestowed on that statesman, but his model men are Mr. Gladstone and Lord Aberdeen. On the other hand, the good-natured contempt with which he is wont to treat Archbishop Sumner, and his evident want of respect for the opinions of the Metropolitan's brother of Winchester, different as these are from his earlier deference to those dignitaries, exhumed by Canon Ashwell, effectually contradict that myth of a career of unchanged Church views which Mr. Wilberforce very judiciously lets fall into oblivion.

The present volume embraces the Bishop's life from 1848 to 1860, comprising the Bishop's earlier troubles with Mr. Allies and Dr. Pusey, and his later one—thanks to a meddling Mr. Golightly—with Dr. Liddon; the Gorham judgment, followed by the Papal Aggression, aggravated by Lord John Russell's Durham letter, and leading to that Episcopal Declaration from which the signature of Phillpotts was absent, the Crimean war and the first Derby, the Aberdeen, and the first Palmerston Governments, the revival of Convocation, the secessions of his brother-in-law, Archdeacon Manning, and of his brother, Archdeacon Robert Wilberforce, who soon after died, the death of his son Herbert, the Denison prosecution, the building up of his wonderful diocesan organization, the establishment of Cuddesdon College, and the various abortive Church Discipline Bills. Of these topics the narrative of the difficulty with Dr. Pusey might, we think, have been judiciously retrenched; a *précis* would have told all that was wanting without any painful reprinting of letters. It is, happily, a long-forgotten business; blotted out by the subsequent timely reconciliation of the two distinguished men who had been for only a short time painfully pitted against each other. It turned, after all, on considerations of expediency on both sides. The question on one side was the inquiry whether Dr. Pusey was judicious in adapting foreign books of devotion, from which he was unable wholly to exorcise foreign phrases and modes of thought? In so doing we think he was not judicious. But, on the other side, was Bishop Wilberforce judicious in inhibiting for a mere error of judgment such a preacher as Dr. Pusey, when he let so many fledglings, who had far better have been gagged, preach their shallow or erroneous twaddle? As to this question also we have no hesitation in replying that we regard the counterproceeding as injudicious. But at that period (1850) the Bishop had not fully taken up that new position which transferred the eclectic and at one time more than half Low Church disciple of the Sumners into the episcopal assessor of that staid High Churchmanship, of which from the days of Hooker and Andrewes down to those of Hook and Keble, the Church of England has under much provocation from opposing sides upheld and taught.

Mr. Wilberforce supplies a rather amusing incidental illustration of the mental struggles which the Bishop went through before he had completed his mental change which are afforded by certain retrospective confessions—running, as confessions are apt to do, into criticisms of our neighbour's motives—which at the beginning of 1852 the Bishop confided to some of his most confidential correspondents in reviewing his own conduct as well as that of his colleagues in reference to the precipitate advantage which, in his undignified terror, Bishop Blomfield took of Mr. Bennett's ill-advised conditional resignation of his Knightsbridge living, as well as to some kindred events of that distempered period.

* *Life of the Right Reverend Samuel Wilberforce, D.D.* By his Son, Reginald G. Wilberforce. 3 vols. Vol. II. London: John Murray. 1881.

In a letter to the Hon. (afterwards Lord) Richard Cavendish of December 26, 1851, the Bishop says, "With the deepest sense of our undeservings, I do think that Gladstone, in spite of his calm and powerful understanding and honest and true heart, shows signs of the natural effect of such continual defamation of the Bishops as the *Morning Chronicle* habitually indulges itself and its readers with." On the same day he writes to Mr. Gladstone, "I think that even you have been biassed by the incessant vituperations of the *Morning Chronicle* to deal unfairly with many of the Bishops." We have no doubt that in this vigorous denunciation the Bishop meant to include the vivacious correspondent who was accustomed, with much frequency, to enlighten the *Morning Chronicle* with his views on Church questions under the signature of "D. C. L." Bishop Wilberforce's defence of his order is peculiarly feeble, amounting as it does to a confession of the shortcomings of the Episcopate which he professes to repudiate. We are sure that the *Morning Chronicle* never said anything more bitter than "the miserable episcopal appointments of Lord John"; "Lord John Russell's miserable appointments and the fearful weakness caused by the character of the Primate"—namely, Bishop Wilberforce's cousin and former patron, Sumner, once of Chester—and "the weakening of all our just influence by the introduction of such men as Lord John has put amongst us; then of such a primacy," i.e. of a Sumnerian primacy, a paraphrase the significance of which will not be lost to those who recollect Canon Ashwell's volume. In these sentences Bishop Wilberforce has summed up with a directness only possible in private correspondence all which in more vague and less personal language the *Morning Chronicle* or its contributor intended to imply. It would have been impertinent on the part of that newspaper to have sorted the Episcopate according to the Ministers from whom the prelates respectively had got their mitres. As a fact, there was the bench, and that bench did not, as the *Morning Chronicle* believed, show itself strong enough in a very difficult crisis. If it were possible to conceive Dr. Wilberforce in any way involved in this general censure, it would only have been because the current of episcopal trades-unionism created in so great a degree by these miserable appointments may have carried him away. For instance, he joined in signing the unhappy "Rubrical declaration" of the spring of 1851, so justly denounced by Mr. Gladstone in a memorandum of January 1852, which Mr. Wilberforce prints, from which Bishop Philpotts, as we have seen, not only held aloof, but wrote that counter declaration as a pastoral to the clergy of his diocese, which still lives by force of its intrinsic merits. Certainly the Bishop of Exeter incurred no vituperation from the *Morning Chronicle*, neither would Bishop Wilberforce have done so had he joined his veteran colleague, with whom he had really so much more in common than with "such men" as those with whom, as we see, he elected to throw in his lot.

We gladly turn from these trifles to the great public achievement of Bishop Wilberforce's episcopate, the revival of the Church's constitutional deliberative assembly, which the biographer sums up in a telling manner, recurring to it from time to time as fresh incidents present themselves, so as to sustain the thread of the narrative. With all the perplexities which beset Churchmen in this eighth decade of our century, the younger of them can have little idea of the cowardly stupidity which less than thirty years since shrouded the eyes alike of prelate and of politician. It was this darkness which Wilberforce had to disperse, and that stupidity which he had to enlighten; and the way in which he set to work brought out the manifold capacities of his large mind as they had never before been developed in isolated duels with clergymen however eminent or however disreputable. The game was by no means easy, for he had to deal with a bench of colleagues of whom in reality he thought, though he could not afford to say so, pretty much as the *Morning Chronicle* did. These, too, were headed by an Archbishop whom he had once worshipped with a boyish enthusiasm, while he had by this time, after painful struggles, seen through the kindly, vacillating, undignified, timidly obstinate, and withal occasionally sly, John Bird Sumner. He had equally to keep well with the various political parties, having obtained his first advantage at the hands of the Government which was not that of his predilections—namely, from Lord Derby and Mr. Walpole. Soon after, when his own special friend and on whom he particularly leaned, Lord Aberdeen, came into power, he found himself very rudely disillusioned by a letter from the Premier's son, Mr. (now Sir) Arthur Gordon, from which we quote the beginning. The "Lord John" who made the mischief is a very open secret:—

On my arrival in town I was concerned to find that the opposition to Mr. Gladstone, the visit to Windsor, and, as I cannot but suppose, a conversation with Lord John —, have combined to diminish the favour with which my father was once disposed to regard the Convocation movement, but which has certainly been on the wane for the last few months. We walked up as usual from the office to Argyll House. I began business by saying that you were to be in town on Thursday, but that you had expressed your willingness to come up for the promised interview on any day he might name. He hurriedly replied, "But can I see him? Ought I? I can't enter into his views, you know. I can't allow them to sit." I observed that he himself had invited the interview, and could not well now refuse to hear your arguments. "Very well, very well; but it can't go on—it must be stopped. I tell you." I remarked that I had no reason to believe you desired a long session, but that any direct attempt on the part of the Crown to "stop" it would be a novel proceeding, and would irritate all parties. "I like your novel proceeding"; is it not a novel proceeding on their part to hold any but merely formal meetings? Does not this make it high time for novel proceedings on our side? Do you

think I am going to tolerate them by a side wind because the Archbishop is a poor, vain, weak, silly creature whom they can bully with impunity?"

How the Bishop ultimately convinced that cautious but candid Scot, how statesmen were driven to see that, whether they liked Convocation or not, it was better to let it talk than put the gag on lips at Westminster which would out of Westminster make their opinions of their treatment disagreeably notorious, and how, last of all, the Archbishop himself ran to the Minister for permission to hold longer sittings of Convocation, is all capitally told in the book, and we shall not attempt to recapitulate a story which owes much of its interest to its details.

We have pointed out the biographer's constant care to make his father speak for himself; and when Mr. Wilberforce departs from his accustomed reticence and gives vent to a personal impulse, as in the passages in which he dwells upon his father's agony of mind at the secession of his brother Robert, and upon the deep sorrow of his son Herbert's death, he achieves the success, not always attained, of combining deep feeling and excellent taste.

We must note a misprint which will probably pass unnoticed by the younger generation, but which is very rich to those who are old enough to remember the persons whom it recalls. Lord John Russell, so the book makes the Bishop say, told him on January 29, 1859, "at my Reform Bill four prepared it. I, Lord Durham, Duncannon, and Althorpe" (the final e here being a mistake). Many readers will probably say, we know three of this lordly group, but who is "Duncannon"? The Minister who really took a part in the task was Lord Duncannon, son of Lord Bessborough, a pompous man with a high white neckcloth, who was included in the Governments of Lord Grey and Lord Melbourne, and died Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland and Earl of Bessborough in 1847. The person who would in 1859 have been called "Duncannon," though in 1831 he was only Mr. Trevor, was the most bigoted and unyielding of Irish Orange Tories, author of a forgotten Life of William III. It is a strange irony of fate that the misprint of a letter should hand the last Lord Duncannon down as one of the authors of the Reform Bill.

The Bishop and his biographer were both mistaken in supposing that he had received the degree of D.C.L. at Cambridge. When Henry VIII. forbade Oxford to teach Canon Law, he spared Cambridge. Consequently that University makes doctors alike of Canon and Civil Law, briefly termed *legum doctores*, or LL.D. Oxford can only produce Doctors of Civil Law, and calls them by English initials D.C.L.

It is a venial fault that, here and there, the book would have been the better for that fulness of illustration which an editor more contemporary with the subject of his biography could have provided. For example, in introducing the narrative of the Bishop's unlucky rencontre thirty-two years ago with Mr. Allies, as to which forgotten scandal within the last two years the world has, with but little advantage, been compelled to hear both sides, Mr. Wilberforce forgot to explain that the peccant Oxfordshire clergyman whom he abruptly projects on our spectrum had been distinguished as a leader of the neo-Newmanian school of Oxford thinkers, as author of a powerful vindication of the Church of England against that of Rome, and as an ex-chaplain of Bishop Blomfield. We cannot better conclude this article than by quoting the eminently wise letter of Baron Alderson, which led to the ultimate settlement of this ill-omened fracas. Had our rulers, both spiritual and temporal, been rather more fully pervaded than they have been during the last thirty years with the spirit of the shrewd old lawyer, the Church of England might have had a very different history to record.

April 28, 1849.

MY DEAR LORD,—A very great affection which I have long felt, and still feel, for Allies must be my excuse for troubling you about him. I was sorry for his book, with which I individually do not agree. Indeed, if I had been consulted by him, I should have advised a great portion of it to be omitted. I agree with you that there are parts very objectionable, but I think it will be very difficult to lay the law's finger upon them. But this is not the point. Supposing that, after a long, tedious, and acrimonious discussion, in which points of minute heterodoxy are ventilated in the Ecclesiastical Court, a successful issue is obtained, and judgment given against Allies—a problematical result, I conscientiously believe—yet at what expense and danger of schism will it be obtained! These Oxonians whose tendencies go towards Rome, as others who have gone towards Geneva, will die out if judiciously left to themselves. They will in the end do good. Wesley woke up the Church from her lethargy and breathed into her an Evangelical spirit. With this great good he did some great harm also. These are correcting the harm by introducing a more Rubrical and formal spirit into the Church, and reviving her discipline, and drawing attention to the real value of her Sacraments and Order. They, like Wesley, are doing harm by running into the opposite extreme. I will only add one word more. I do really believe, and that from good authority, that this proceeding against Allies will produce probably a schism, and will drive out some whom we all, and you especially, would wish most ardently to retain within our Church. And, as to Allies himself, I admit his errors—which I agree are errors—but I would set against them a self-denying life, a liberal spirit, to which money is really as dross, an unimpeachable morality, a great mass of learning, and the having written one of the best books [*The Church of England Cleared from the Charge of Schism*] against the vital principle of Rome—her supremacy. That was a great help to our English Church in the pending controversy. Is it desirable to drive out of the Church such a man? or is it not desirable, by a wise and kind abstinence, and by showing him kindly his errors, or letting them expend themselves noiselessly and without mischief, to retain within our own Church one of its most learned and holy, even if erring, members? With many apologies for this letter, believe me, in all true affection,

Yours,

E. H. ALDERSON.

COX'S MYTHOLOGY AND FOLK-LORE.*

SIR GEORGE COX has returned, with his wonted industry and singularity, to the subjects which he treated of in his *Aryan Mythology*, his *Tales of Ancient Greece*, and his *Manual of Mythology*. On this occasion he offers the student an *Introduction to Mythology and Folk-Lore*. The promise of the title is scarcely kept in performance. It is only of Aryan mythology, with glances at Egyptian and Semitic legends, that Sir George Cox has to speak. Again, his volume scarcely touches on folk-lore at all. He examines and weaves into his system some of the *märchen*, "folk-tales," if the expression may be used, which are current among European races. But the great mass of story, practice, and belief which is called folk-lore—and which is practically identical in Africa, America, Asia, Europe, and Australia—is not elucidated by our author. Readers, therefore, must not expect too much; they must look for little more than a repetition of explanations of Greek, German, and, generally, of Indo-European mythology. These explanations rest, for the most part, on Professor Max Müller's system, though it seems possible enough that Mr. Müller does not always agree with Sir George Cox. He has, indeed, warned his disciple that there are, in many myths, grains of history which cannot be dissolved by any philological acids. But we find here little notice of the historical element in the myth.

In reviewing Mr. Max Müller's *Selected Essays* a few weeks ago we examined his system in some detail. We need not repeat a task sufficiently arid. To us the system seems deficient in historical evidence, inadequate as an explanation of facts, and frequently inconsistent with itself. To put it briefly, Mr. Müller and Sir George Cox hold that in the mythopœic ages before the Aryan separation, and also after the settlement of the Greeks in Europe, language suffered from its own embarrassing opulence. Objects, especially such objects as the sun, and sky, wind and dawn and storm, had almost as many names as they had attributes. Statements like the following were commonly made when people "passed the time of day," or discussed the weather—"The wise one is just rolling up his golden ball," meaning, the sun is just beginning his daily course. Then many names lost their meaning, while the sayings in which they were imbedded kept their place in language. It came to be thought that the word for "the wise one" was a proper name, and a story was told about him and his ball which became the myth of Sisyphus. We are always obliged to ask for evidence to prove that these philological processes existed in the common talk, not only of undivided Aryans and of early Greeks in Europe, but of Red Indians, Finns, Zulus, Bushmen, Eskimo, Mangaians, and other races whose myths palpably resemble those of European nations. Almost the only evidence we are offered is that of the Vedas, which (being elaborate poetry) do not illustrate the every-day talk of any race whatever, and, being subsequent to the Aryan separation, throw no light whatever on Greek thought and speech at any period. As to the other races, the Vedas, of course, help us still less to understand their mythology. Again, both in Mr. Müller's works and in Sir George Cox's there is a lurking impression which, we are sure, neither writer is consciously affected by, that the ancestors of the Greeks once spoke Sanskrit. Thus Sir George Cox writes (p. 75), "Another Sanskrit name for the morning was Arjuni, the brilliant, but of this word the Greek in his westward journeyings had forgotten the meaning, and Argynnis became for him a beautiful maiden beloved by Agameunon." Are we wrong in supposing that, in the separation of the Aryan stock, that branch which came to speak Greek broke away and went westward before it had learned to speak Sanskrit, and so could never have known the Sanskrit word Arjuni? Mr. Müller says "no sound scholar would ever think of deriving a Greek or Latin word from Sanskrit." Yet Sir George Cox holds that the Greeks knew and forgot the sense of Sanskrit words. If we are right, philologists can say no more than that roots of words were common to the various families of the Indo-European stock. Now, if the root of Zeus and of Dyaus is common to Greek and Sanskrit, we get no further than that fact. In what sense the undivided Aryans regarded the sky as a god (for there are various stages in the growth of this conception), it is impossible for mortal man to know. But even Mr. Müller says occasionally that the undivided Aryans, of the age when as yet Greek and Sanskrit were not, used Sanskrit words; thus, "the ancient Aryans, before they separated, spoke of Dyu, the sky, and Dyu, the God" (*Lectures on Language*. Second Series, p. 440). Now Dyu is a Sanskrit word, occurring in the Vedas, and retaining a good deal of the sense of "sky." Thus, though no Greek words are to be derived from Sanskrit, the ancestors of the Greeks knew at least two Sanskrit words, *Dyu* and *Arjuni*. We are compelled to suppose that the fault lies in our own want of apprehension, otherwise the consistency of these philological arguments seems disputable.

Out of Sir George Cox's closely printed pages we may select a few myths and examine his explanations. The story of Sisyphus is familiar; Odysseus saw him in Hades, rolling a great stone up a hill, by way of punishment, and, always as he reached the hill-crest, "back once again to the plain rolled the stone, the pitiless thing." This myth, we are told, was known to the primeval Aryan race before it broke up into Hindoos, Greeks, Romans,

Germans, and Celts. We admit that we are unacquainted with the Hindoo, Roman, German, and Celtic versions of the story. Sir George Cox explains thus:—"The tale of Sisyphus resolves itself, in fact, into one or two short sayings." "The wise being is rolling the ball up the heaven." "The great ball is rolling down the heaven." It cannot escape the most feeble intellect that, while the "wise being" is in heaven, Sisyphus is in hell, and that the sun, in point of fact, does not roll down the side of the heaven which he climbed up. The sun succeeds precisely where poor Sisyphus failed. But how do we know that Sisyphus is the sun? Why, thus; *Sisyphos* is taken by Curtius for a reduplicated form of *sofós* with æolic *v*. Thus Sisyphus means "the wise man." Now, if Sisyphus, or *sofós*, were an Aryan word before the lamented divisions in the Aryan camp, and if the undivided Aryans did call the sun "the wise man" = Sisyphus, men might have come to forget, in process of time, what their ancestors had meant. And they might have had a story about a wise man rolling a ball. But Sir George Cox must observe that, even if he could prove (which is impossible) that the undivided Aryans called the sun "the wise one," that is, Sisyphus, it would not follow that any hero whose name means "wise" is the sun. We lay no stress on the fact that the sun and Sisyphus do precisely opposite things. But how many unproved hypotheses, when one looks into it, there are in our author's explanation, which concludes with an undistributed middle. In point of fact, the punishment of Sisyphus is a simple invention, like making ropes of sand, filling a sieve with water, and so forth. We must add that Tantalus (p. 89) shares the solar fate of Sisyphus. "Tantalos, in fact, is Phœbos, for he has the wisdom which Phœbos alone possesses." The ground for this assertion seems to be that "Tantalos was admitted to share the secret counsels of Zeus." We do not know how many examples there are of contemporary savage potentates who are "admitted to share the secret counsels of Zeus," that is, who climb a sacred mountain, converse there with the tribal God, and return to give good advice to their people. Homer says much the same of Minos; but Minos, too, is the sun, at least, he "met his end in the distant evening land where the sun goes down. He is killed in Sicily by King Kokalos, the eyeless gloom of night," whose name Sir G. Cox "can scarcely fail to connect with that of Horatius Cocles." A flippant fiend here tempts us to whisper an allusion to one whose name Captain Burnaby carried, with his pills, into the lands of morning.

We are very greatly tempted to analyse Sir G. Cox's explanation of the myth of Cephalus and Procris. We have traced the story through Apollodorus, Eratosthenes, Antoninus Liberalis, Hyginus, and Ovid. Why does Sir George shirk the older Greek version, in which Minos, not Artemis, gives Procris the spear that never misses, and the dog that nothing can escape, except the fox that no dog can catch? What would he make of these very amazing and unmentionable services which Procris rendered to Minos and Pasiphaë? But his explanation fails to satisfy, chiefly because we get no proof that Cephalus is the sun. The Vedas may have called the sun the "head of light," and Cephalus may mean "head"; but how do these facts bear on the matter? The Greeks knew no more of the Vedas than of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and the Vedic poets, who called the sun "a head of light," produced no myth about a hero named "Head." The arguments lead to no conclusion. The philological theory always shrinks from admitting any explanation based on law, usage, custom. Thus the known facts of the power of medicine-men, who can fly in the air, turn themselves and others into beasts, converse with gods and with the dead, and are, in their turn, deified, scarcely find a passing mention in the explanations of Sir G. W. Cox. Yet at this moment, in Africa, America, Asia, and Australia, there exist men with all the powers and attributes of Zeus. Like him, they shake the heavens; like him, they mount in the air; like him, they cause rain and fine weather; like him they assume animal forms, and in death they are deified, retaining, as gods, the powers they enjoyed as men. Surely these facts do as much to explain Zeus and other gods (whose tombs were known to the priests) as a derivation from an Aryan root meaning "to beam." Even now men are identified with wind and weather, and are named after the sun and sky they control. Why are these facts overlooked by philological mythologists? The result is to obscure the history of institutions. Thus, Homer speaks with horror of poisoned arrows; but Sir G. W. Cox will not believe that "poisoned arrows were used by any Hellenic tribes." The idea that Odysseus sought them from Ius, Mermerus's son, and others is derived from an equivocation which turned the violet-tinted rays of morning into poisoned arrows. He has another such explanation of the human sacrifices in Homer. "There is no evidence that Achæan chiefs . . . offered human sacrifices . . . it is easy to see that such stories could not fail to spring up when phrases which had at first denoted the varying actions of the sun were regarded as relating to the deeds and actions of human beings." We are inclined to reply, that there is no evidence to prove that phrases about the actions of the sun were ever regarded as relating to the deeds of human beings; while, as for Greek human sacrifices, we refer Sir George Cox to Grote (i. 124, 125). "Such sacrifices," says Grote, quoting Hermann's *Alterthümer*, "had been a portion of primitive Greek religion, but had gradually become obsolete everywhere, except in one or two solitary cases, which were spoken of with horror." The philological school of mythological interpretation

* *Introduction to Mythology and Folk-Lore*. By the Rev. Sir G. W. Cox, Bart. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1881.

seems to us to invent one stage of the history of the human mind, and then to use the invention to sweep away evidence for the existence of another stage, known to have existed wherever civilization has studied barbarism. But to try to make philologists see this is to undertake the task of Sisyphus.

IRELAND'S TRUE DAUGHTER.*

THE heroine of this story, Marion Burke, may indeed be accounted happy among women. She is, when the book opens, thirty years old, and yet she is blessed with three ardent lovers. One of them of course marries her, the second drowns himself because he cannot have her, while the third dies of grief with all the propriety that becomes a baronet who was now somewhat advanced in years. The man who makes away with himself was, as might be expected, the desperate villain of the piece. By his death he proves the innocence of the injured hero, and hastens on his marriage with the heroine by at least a year, while the broken-hearted baronet was the owner of a fine estate which it was most convenient for the young couple to possess. He made an affecting end, and a no less affecting will, and, having no heirs, left all his property to the virtuous lovers. If Marion was a good deal older than the common run of heroines, yet she had much in her favour. Though she was thirty, yet she did not look more than four-and-twenty; moreover, "she was," we read, "neither too tall nor too short; neither too stout nor too thin. Her walk was dignified and stately, yet at the same time perfectly easy and graceful." If there was one of her features on which she might have prided herself more than on all the rest, it was, it should seem, her nose, for it was "in perfect proportion, with an unmistakable air of good breeding about it." "Every man," to quote a famous German writer, "has his own style, like his own nose"; and to this general rule our heroine was no exception. In her character there is not much that has impressed itself upon our memory, for, to tell the truth, our interest lay not so much in herself as in the dreadful villain, the benevolent but elderly baronet, and the virtuous bank clerk, who were all three at the same time her lovers. Yet we must not forget to put on record one at least of her sayings. She had more than once to cross the sea from Ireland to England. "Despite," we are told, "her heroic efforts and determination to overcome sea-sickness, she was invariably a victim whenever she was on board ship, at which times, to use her own words, 'she retired into private life until upon *terra firma* once more.'"

It is sad to reflect that the peace of so well-balanced a mind should have been for many months greatly disturbed. Yet villains have little respect for the unmistakable air of good breeding that may reside in a nose, or for that patient endurance which enables a woman not only to support the misery of sea-sickness, but even to utter a kind of aphorism which may be a guidance and a comfort to other heroines who are exposed to like torments. Most fortunately she was forewarned of the troubles that awaited her, and, therefore, she was able at once to meet them with that admirable propriety of conduct which she had always hitherto exhibited. The clouds and an old fellow of the name of Patrick were always ready to give her a prophetic warning whenever a prophetic warning was needed. But till the villain had actually come upon the scene and opened the plot, no warnings seem to have been required. He is not long, however, in making his appearance, and, in fact, he strides on to the stage before either of the virtuous lovers has made his entrance. His name is George Lionel. Though the son of a most respectable old General, and to outward appearance a charming man, "he was a depraved, low-minded, unscrupulous licentiate, well-known in the lowest society." The definition of a *licentiate*, according to our author, would seem to be a *licentious person*. If she is right in this, it is not to be wondered at that the Bishops and sound Churchmen in general gravely shake their heads over the steady increase of the number of licentiates among the clergy. Lionel pays Marion a call, but she, with a sense of propriety that was in keeping with her nose, at once went to fetch her father, and did not return to the drawing-room till the visitor had left. He went away incensed with anger, but still more inflamed with love, though she had, as he said, only replied to his compliments by a toss of the head and a curl of the lip. He galloped off to the Castle where he was staying, dismounted as in a dream, went up to his own room, threw himself into a chair, his hands clenched, his face working. She meanwhile had whispered to a little bird that her pet name was Harry. Her whisper was not so low but that it was overheard by Harry Staunton, the hero, who chanced at that moment to have come into the room. With a modesty which well befitted a virtuous bank clerk whose salary was only 150*l.* a year, he at once assumed that it was a certain Captain Harry Dickinson whom she loved. He therefore remained a most inactive lover till, towards the close of the story, he found out his mistake. Lionel, however, regarded him with suspicion, which soon passed into hatred. Licentiate though he was, he had not, however, acquired the art of masking his feelings. We are always reading that his face grew dark, and darker still, and that he looked fierce. At a ball, when he saw the hero and heroine walking towards the supper-table, "his face became livid, he

gnashed his teeth, and, losing all mastery of himself, he rushed wildly up the staircase and locked himself in his own room." At another time he first muttered, and then a horrible smile distorted his features. Next he clenched his fist, and then he hissed out a suggestion. As his rival passed him in a carriage he shook his bent fist with a menacing gesture. How he managed to bend his fist we are no way told. He laughed, on one occasion, so hoarse a laugh that he even startled the birds upon the trees. In his features malignity and hatred were depicted, till at last the heroine herself sprang away from him as if he were some loathsome reptile. But we are here anticipating matters, and must return to the prophetic warnings that were given her. One evening she had been talking with Harry about the licentiate, and expressing her dislike of him. The good bank clerk, like the very virtuous young man that he was, had ventured to remonstrate with her and to speak up for the villain. They were at the time driving in a carriage, and a sudden turn in the road showed them a remarkable appearance in the sky:—

Although the sun had set, a mass of lurid red still coloured the sky where he had sunk beneath it, and above this, straight in front of them, stood forth a dark angry cloud with white foamy edges, looking almost like a solid rock, frowning down upon the gorgeous tints below.

Marion started suddenly from her seat, and pointing to the cloud with outstretched arm, she said vehemently—

"That cloud is to the landscape what George Lionel is to me! He threatens me with some great evil, which I cannot fathom! A dreadful foreboding fills my mind when I think of him."

Harry, of course, assures her that these are foolish fancies, but she and the reader know only too well that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in his philosophy. They, therefore, feel greatly relieved when the frowning cloud loses its solidity, and gradually floats away into the general mass around it. She emphatically says that this, too, may be a foreshadowing, and that the great evil which seems to hang over her may be dispelled as the cloud. Twice again does this cloud show itself. On the first of these two occasions she did little more than shudder; but when, towards the close of the second volume, at which time a heroine is always in despair, it a third time appeared, it was almost too much for her. It was a weird, gray-looking mass, that seemed to toss up foamy edges as it rose. "Oh! no! no!" she cried out in her dread and horror; "no, it cannot be." And yet it was! The gong sounded for dinner, but—though we may feel certain that she was famous for her punctuality—she would not go in. The soup might grow cold, but the end of the cloud she must see. Happily a third time it lost its rock-like solidity of form, and vanished like smoke, whilst a faint gleam struggled forth as if to comfort her. She expressed her gratitude to Heaven, and went in to her dinner. There was, by the way, one celestial phenomenon which does not seem to have astonished her in the least; and yet it is of a very surprising nature. On a certain day in July we read that "the evening was sultry, and the sun poured its rays hotly downwards." Such an extraordinary combination of an evening sun and rays poured downwards ought surely to have introduced us to something very much out of the common. We do certainly make the acquaintance of the virtuous baronet; but virtuous baronets happily are not so rare in real life as our novelists generally would lead us to suppose, and scarcely require to be ushered in by a confusion of the laws of nature.

We have not space at our command to recount the forebodings of old Patrick, though they are scarcely less impressive than those given by the cloud. The villain himself has his warnings, though he will not listen to them. He one day sees the very pool in which, two volumes later on, he is to drown himself. The next night he has a dreadful dream. In his sleep he grasps his rival by the throat, he wakes up, a horrible smile comes upon his features, he looks in a mirror and shudders at his ghastly face, he gets up at dawn, goes along the glen to the pool, sees in it his own weird shadow, says "Not yet, not yet!" hears the hum of awakening insects, asks "Am I mad?" and hurries back to his room, only to dress for breakfast and to go on with the execution of his villainous plans. He artfully contrives that the virtuous hero shall be arrested on the charge of stealing a bank-note, and not only arrested, but even convicted. For this, however, the reader and the heroine had been prepared, as old Patrick had learnt in a dream that Harry would have to go to gaol. This venerable old dreamer soon sees, however, in the coals that leap out of the fire a coffin and a purse. The respectable baronet proposes to the heroine, is refused, and dies of grief. Leaving as he does all his property to the persecuted lovers, he not only greatly aids in getting them out of their difficulties, but also he confirms the faith that is placed in pieces of hot coal. The villain, now that he has his rival locked up in Newgate, hastens over to Ireland, and also proposes. Being refused, he hands the heroine a letter which he had written beforehand, containing a full confession of his guilt, and with the most obliging despatch hurries once more up the glen and drowns himself. The hero is with all speed released, and not only gains the hand of the heroine and the fortune of the broken-hearted baronet, but on the very day that he leaves Newgate is made a partner by the banker who had so lately prosecuted him on a charge of theft. Old Patrick renders one more service. He is consulted by the police officers who were in pursuit of the villain. Guided by his mystical lore, they drag the darksome pool and find the body of the once charming licentiate.

* *Ireland's True Daughter*. A Novel. By "Marcellina." 3 vols. London: Remington & Co. 1881.

GERVASE OF CANTERBURY.*

IN his preface to the second volume of the works of the monk Gervase, Dr. Stubbs confines himself to questions relating to their authorship, to the order in which they were produced, and to the historical value of each. On the history of the age of Gervase and the literary character of his contemporaries, he reminds his readers that he has already said nearly all that he had to say in the prefaces to previous works prepared by him for publication under the direction of the late and present Masters of the Rolls. Of the personal life of Gervase, and of the circumstances which impelled a man with little of the historical instinct in him to undertake the historian's office, we have as complete an account as it is possible to bring together in Dr. Stubbs's preface to the first volume of the works of Gervase, on which we have made some remarks in this *Review* (May 1, 1880). In that preface Dr. Stubbs had said that but for the great controversy between the monks of Christ Church and the archbishops, Gervase would probably have lived and died as nameless as any others of the unknown members of the community. That he had a profound reverence for St. Thomas of Canterbury, at whose feet he made his monastic profession, is plain from every sentence in which he speaks of him; but he allowed a long series of years to pass away after the Archbishop's murder before he took pen in hand, and when he did so his memory was not so trustworthy as it might have been, and thus probably he was the more ready to adopt the words of others, even in the narrative of events of which he was himself a contemporary witness. But the great quarrel with Archbishop Baldwin stirred his deepest feelings as a monk; and the history which he was thus incited to commit to paper was expanded into a narrative of affairs generally to the death of Richard I. From that point he intended to continue his work into the reign of John in the second book of his Chronicle; but this book either was not written or has been lost, and Dr. Stubbs regards the expression of Gervase respecting the lessons which, "by the Grace of God," may be drawn from the story of that book, as some evidence that it was not written at all.

But although his greater work was not carried on, Gervase betook himself to the composition of some minor chronicles and other writings; and these are published in the present volume. Departing in one instance from the order in which they are found in the manuscript followed in this volume, Dr. Stubbs places at the end instead of at the beginning the *Mappa Mundi*, or tract on the ecclesiastical and political geography of Britain. He thus gives first the smaller chronicle entitled *Gesta Regum*, with the continuation of this chronicle from the reign of John to that of Edward I. Of the manuscript, of which the editor speaks as "one of the precious and unique treasures placed by Archbishop Parker in the library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge," no portion is from the hand of Gervase himself. The work of transcription was, he thinks, begun about the year 1260; but the handiwork of the first scribe, who wrote out also the *Mappa Mundi* and the *Actus Pontificum*, or *Lives of the Archbishops*, ceases in the chronicle about the year 1262, the penmanship of the MS. for the next sixteen years being in a very inferior style. From 1278 onwards the writing improves, and this portion is given in single columns, all the previous parts having been written in double columns.

The fashion which almost made it necessary for a chronicler to start from the Creation or from the days of Adam, Noah, or Brutus, filled a certain amount of space in each work with rubbish; and when he came down to times for which there might be some genuine historical evidence, the value of his work depended entirely on the quality of the evidence at his command. The really important part of each work is that in which the writer speaks of events which have either passed under his own knowledge or have been learnt from the testimony of contemporary witnesses. Thus the first part of the lesser chronicle of Gervase reproduces the fictions of Geoffrey of Monmouth, making them less attractive by the omission, here and there, of words necessary to the sense, and, as the editor remarks, thus showing "that the compiler did not bestow on this portion of his work more attention than it deserved." The chronicle thus begun Dr. Stubbs divides into three portions, the first ending with the close of the reign of Richard I., and, in his opinion, unquestionably the work of Gervase; the second continues the history through the first eleven years of the reign of John, and this also he thinks may have been written by Gervase, "although the evidence that such was the case is rather inferential and circumstantial than direct, and the conclusion cannot be peremptorily stated." The narrative in the sequel from 1207 to the end was beyond doubt not the work of Gervase.

For the history of the English invasion and of the times which followed it, Gervase betook himself chiefly to William of Malmesbury; and this narrative seems with the previous history to have had an independent circulation. At the least, in Dr. Stubbs's words, "they were made the basis of an historical work, and continued by another writer or writers to the age of Richard II.," and a copy of this work, preserved in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge, was read by Leland, who ascribed the middle as well as the earlier portion of the work to Gervase, and gave as from

Gervase large extracts, which come really from John of London or some intermediate writer. Owing to this error of Leland, these extracts, which are not the composition of the monk of Canterbury, are better known than the original work. The narrative of events from the Norman Conquest to the accession of Stephen Dr. Stubbs treats as the third section of Gervase's lesser chronicle. With a few words taken from his larger chronicle, it is mainly an abstract from William of Malmesbury, interspersed with passages from Florence of Worcester and his continuator for the reign of Henry I. The next section, which carries the narrative to the death of Richard I., is a mere abridgment of the larger chronicle; and of all these sections Dr. Stubbs regards the historical value as very small, "serving merely to illustrate the author's method of working and to establish the identity of Gervase of Canterbury as the writer of the other works known under his name."

An examination of the *Gesta Regum* for the reign of John brings Dr. Stubbs to the conclusion that the pen of Gervase dropped from his hand when he had completed his entry for the year 1206; and his reasons, beyond doubt, close the question. The passage from the reign of Richard to that of his brother is marked by no change of treatment, nor is there any overlapping of the narrative, while one expression (*prefectus Anglie*, to denote the justiciar) peculiar to Gervase is carried on into the chronicle of John's reign. Having entered fully into the controversies and wrongs of the monks in his larger chronicle, Gervase passes them by here almost in silence. A new hand would certainly have dwelt largely on the quarrel with Langton, "the absorbing topic of the period." But the writer for 1210, as Dr. Stubbs remarks, tells briefly the story of John's Welsh and Irish successes, and brings his tale to an end with the identification of John as the sixth king of Merlin's prophecy. The writer of the next paragraph goes back three years to record events which had been taken for granted by the previous chronicler, and speaks of Geoffrey FitzPeter, who with Gervase would have been *prefectus Anglie*, as *justitarius*. We may look upon it, then, as proved that Gervase is the author of the *Gesta Regum* to the year 1210; but there remains still the question whether this smaller chronicle was or was not an abridgment of a larger work, which he expressed his intention of writing as a continuation of his larger chronicle. Dr. Stubbs, as we have seen, had already given reasons for the belief that this continuation on the larger scale was never written. He notices here the further fact that the great French chronicle of Canterbury known as the *Polistorie*, having followed the longer chronicle to the death of Richard, follows the minor chronicle for the reign of John without any indication that the writer had before him any other continuation of the greater chronicle. Nor has he failed to notice that in the *Polistorie*, as in the *Gesta*, there is a change of treatment at the date 1210.

The narrative of the first ten years of John's reign by Gervase fills scarcely fourteen pages of Dr. Stubbs's second volume; but it is, nevertheless, of high historical value, as giving one or two facts not recorded elsewhere, and as furnishing important particulars of others. As an instance of the former, Dr. Stubbs cites the mission of the Abbot of Casamari as mediator between John and Philip in 1203, while for the latter he refers to the account given of the extraordinary measures for defence and anticipation of invasion taken by John in 1205, with the very valuable document of instructions for the appointment and conduct of constables, and also to Gervase's record of the fact

that the same year in a great Council at Oxford John was compelled to swear to maintain the rights of the kingdom, an anticipation of the submission at Runnymede which seems to have eluded the pertinacious and somewhat malignant curiosity of Matthew Paris.

As there is not the smallest ground for supposing that Gervase wrote any part of the *Gesta* subsequent to the passage in which John is spoken of as the sixth king of Merlin's prophecy, it follows that we are indebted for the sequel to other hands. But who these may have been it seems impossible to say. The narrative is anonymous; it is a compilation mixed with original notes, and it is the production of a succession of compilers; but in these particulars it is, in Dr. Stubbs's words, "no exception to the general rule of the monastic annals." The materials thus brought together vary indefinitely in value. For the three years, 1238-1241, we have the story of the quarrel between Archbishop Edmund and the Christ Church monks spread over more than fifty tedious pages. But, although this lavish fulness of ecclesiastical details has shut out the wider national history of the time altogether, the letters which follow on the election of his successor are in many respects important. With these is given the Bull by which Innocent IV. appoints Boniface of Savoy to the archiepiscopal see. The document takes a noteworthy place in the history of papal assumptions, as in it

the Pope invests his nominee with the temporalities as well as the spiritualities of the see, in a way which was very unusual for several years after this date, and which under the rule of Edward I. gave occasion for some stringent measures of defence on the part of the crown and the national church.

For a period of thirty years, 1240-1270, there is a close correspondence between the continuation of the lesser chronicle of Gervase and the annals of St. Martin's, Dover. The latter, unfortunately, have been so injured by fire that they cannot be read consecutively, or edited with any approach to completeness. But Dr. Stubbs has compared them so far as to determine not only

* *The Historical Works of Gervase of Canterbury*. Vol. II. Edited by William Stubbs, D.D., under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. London: Longmans & Co. 1880.

their close agreement, but also the fact that each contains valuable information which is not to be found in the other.

The Dover annals [Dr. Stubbs tells us] contain copies of the *Mise of Amiens* and of the challenges interchanged before the battle of Lewes: the continuation of Gervase contains the great protest of the bishops in July 1264. The continuator has not given the challenges, the annalist has not preserved the protest. And as the protest is nowhere else to be found, the balance of value inclines to the continuator. But this is not always the case; the superiority of the Dover text is in many passages very great, so great as to show that not even the preservation of the sister volume is at all compensation for the hopeless injury of the Dover Annals. No doubt this common portion of the two works is the most valuable addition to our knowledge of history that this volume contains. It sheds great light both on the barons' war itself, and on the way in which the struggle was regarded in the monasteries, and especially in the county of Kent.

The existence of other histories which possessed a certain amount of matter, more or less, in common with the continuation of Gervase, is proved by passages which Wharton cites from two works, one of which he calls *Annales Insignes*, while he speaks of the other as *Chronicon Ecclesiæ Christi Cantuariensis*. Both these works, it seems, have disappeared. The latter was, we are told, in the possession of Archbishop Sancroft; but it cannot be found now at Lambeth, nor is it amongst Sancroft's MSS. at the Bodleian. All, it would seem, that can be said further is that Wharton's expressions leave no room for the notion that the *Annales Insignes* and the *Chronicon* may have been the same work, and that the search for both has been thus far fruitless. But although some questions as to priority of composition may thus be left open, there is no ground for supposing that they were more distinctly original than the continuation of Gervase; and, as Dr. Stubbs remarks, "nothing that may be hereafter discovered can detract from the fact that the penmanship of our MS. is contemporary with the events which it records."

It is scarcely necessary to say that Dr. Stubbs's examinations of the *Aetus Pontificum* and *Mappa Mundi* of Gervase are as full and searching as his examination of the *Gesta Regum* with the continuation. The chronicles reproduced in this volume are full of interest; and the preface is a monument of marvellously exact learning and the most conscientious care.

THROUGH AMERICA.*

THERE is a certain class of books of travel, of which this is one, for which the reviewer may very safely predict a certain measure of success. They are not, it is true, good books; they answer none of the questions which intelligent readers ask concerning foreign countries; their authors seem ignorant of politics, constitutions, social aspects, the prospects of the countries of which they write, their leanings, tendencies, dangers, and safeguards. They are gifted by nature with minds which inquire into none of these things. They behold the present; they are satisfied with the outward seeming. They travel in a spirit which can hardly be called appreciative, because to appreciate rightly one must compare; and they cannot compare; nor can it be called statistical, though that sounds fine; it is a spirit which is, in fact, the exact opposite of the critical attitude; it is, perhaps, best expressed by a homely word—it is a "gauping" spirit. If one follows a group of visitors, for instance, about a cathedral, and if he looks round him while the vergier tells his flock that the church is 401 feet long and the tower 140 feet high, he will immediately recognize among the listeners specimens of the class for whom Mr. Marshall has written this book. The "gaupers" are those who love the figures; they are overwhelmed with facts, though they do not know the length of any other church in the world, and it would be exactly the same to them if the vergier had said four thousand feet. And they weary not of architectural details, although they understand no more of Early English, Decorated, and Norman than of Hebrew and of Greek. And their happiness is unbounded when they climb up to the top of the tower, and are told that from that great height they can see over seven counties at once. To see seven counties at once induces a kind of rapture. Such travellers, again, may be seen going over great houses, delighted beyond measure at hearing of the number of servants kept, the cost of the building, the rental of the owner, and, if they are happy enough to get the information, the number of gallons of milk taken in daily at the back-door.

It is to such readers and such travellers that Mr. Marshall has addressed himself. He has produced a book which, though it is long, contains a greater number of figures, in proportion to its length, than any other book we ever remember to have seen, except a cash-book. Possibly some volume of the Transactions of the Statistical Society might be found to equal it in this respect, but it would be rash to expect so much. It bristles with figures; it is like an elementary book of arithmetic, or a table of logarithms, or a meteorological return. Opening the book at random, we find, for instance, that at a certain hotel—it matters not where, because another equally big will be described on the next page—there are 65,000 square feet of stone and 7,000,000 bricks; that it has a frontage of 750 feet; the entrance-hall is 100 feet by 60; the grand reception-room is 100 feet by

24; the dining-hall is 130 feet by 30; and the kitchen 140 feet by 60. After glancing at measurements, which convey no real information, because the number of bricks used for a house is a thing known only to the conscience of a builder, the ordinary reader wonders mildly how big the thing is, and goes on to the next page, where he will find the dimensions of something else. But the man for whom Mr. Marshall writes is actually made happier by the knowledge that a building exists upon this world of miserably small houses which has taken 65,000 square feet and seven—actually, seven millions of bricks. This spirit is carried resolutely through the whole work. We are given the exact number of oysters eaten—of course the author, knowing his public, says "consumed"—in New York every year; we get the measurements of Stewart's big shop; the number of people—"as many as three hundred, sir"—who have sat down, all at once, at Delmonico's; the amount of beer brewed annually in New York; the amount of beef daily eaten at a big girls' school; the cost of all the public buildings; the number of tons of water—in millions—which are poured hourly over the Niagara precipice. How many tons of water—say, rather, gallons of water—can the human mind grasp at once? Of course the author does not really rise to his highest and best until he gets to Chicago, which is pre-eminently a place formed by the Americans for the delight of such a traveller. It was once so little and it is now so big; it once had such a big fire—Mr. Marshall gives us all the statistics of that fire, every one; it slaughters such a prodigious quantity of hogs; it furnishes materials for so many rows of figures, almost all in millions; and it enables an author to hurl so many facts at the heads of his readers that the most insatiable must be satisfied. For posterity, indeed, Mr. Marshall promises figures much more stupendous, much longer rows of numbers, much more overpowering facts. "America," he remarks, with surprising originality, "is still in her infancy." In her adolescence she will cover the whole ocean, probably, with bacon-loaded ships. Even in the important matter of dinner the author is not critical; he speaks of a dinner "aboard" a Pullman Car as "the highest pitch of luxury," and he copies the menu, inviting us to marvel with him. We cannot; the bill of fare is pretentious; but there are travellers who have been known to assert that dinner on the Pacific Railway is generally badly cooked and indigestible, and that wines and drinks of all kinds are bad and dear. Out of the windows of that car Mr. Marshall first beheld the prairie, and this gives him the opportunity of lugging in a quotation from Sir Charles Dilke, which will delight his admirers almost as much as the number of bricks in the hotel. It is that "you could put the whole of India twice over" into the plains and plateau of the States. What, we would ask, does this convey to the ordinary reader? Can he "perceive the breadth of the earth"? Has he grasped the size of India? It would be quite as much to the purpose if Mr. Marshall was to measure the length and breadth of his back-garden, and tell us (in millions) how many back-gardens go to the plains of North America.

And so on through four hundred long pages and over miles of ground which have been described again and again by travellers lively and travellers dull, travellers in search of the picturesque and travellers in search of game. Mr. Marshall has been nowhere off the beaten track, has seen nothing which others have not seen before him, and does not seem capable of seeing anything that is not pointed out in a guide-book. Some people, however, cannot even see what they are there told to see, so that Mr. Marshall is superior as a traveller to a certain number of his fellow-creatures. We go to the Yosemite Valley, and we are told, of course, the depth of every waterfall, the height of every rock. As regards the giant trees, the author would be unhappy—and so would his readers—if he were to dock those trees of a single foot of height. But a book which is all measurements and statistics cannot, except to the class we have already named, be interesting. We do not want to know the cost of a town-hall, or the dimensions of an hotel; and, when there is anything worth talking about, our author breaks down from sheer want of descriptive power. Thus, when Mr. Marshall gets to Niagara, which he afterwards with kind condescension speaks of as "justly world-renowned for its immense and powerful cataracts," he begins by frankly "owning up" that he cannot describe the place. Unfortunately he goes on to prove this assertion. That writer can hardly be said to rise to the majesty of the situation who can get no further than to speak of the roar of the waters as "thundering and deadening"; "hollow and deadening"—what does the roar deaden?—and "loud and thundering, yet so soft, so mellow, so permeating." By the last mysterious adjectives we can only suppose that Mr. Marshall means a soft and mellow roar which goes through, or "permeates," one ear and out of the other.

The value of the book, if it has any value, lies in the chapters on Mormonism. We believe that there has been a pretty general opinion of late, and especially since the death of Brigham Young, that the religion was rapidly dying out. The invasion of Gentiles, the spread of education, the ridicule which has been heaped upon the pretended history of their sacred book, the exposure of the miseries endured by the unhappy emigrants who have gone to the land of Alkali under the delusion that it is, in the matter of milk and honey, even superior to Canaan, have led the world to believe that the religion was fast declining. According to Mr. Marshall—and this is about the only deduction he ventures to draw from his figures—Mormonism was never so prosperous,

* *Through America; or, Nine Months in the United States.* By W. G. Marshall, M.A. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1881.

"in a quiet way," as it is at present. Recruits from Great Britain and other countries continue to pour into Utah by hundreds every two or three months; very few converts are obtained from the States and Canada; but it is in England, Scotland, Wales, Denmark, Sweden, and Norway that the Mormons seek and win their converts, and their chief recruiting-ground is Wales. They are said to dwell less upon the doctrines of their Church than upon the chances offered to converts of bettering their condition. Zion is rich, virtuous, and happy; everything is managed for the people; all previous sins are forgiven; poverty, discontent, and vice are unknown. A rude awakening awaits the unfortunate settler. He is planted in a barren desert, the soil of which has to be irrigated and prepared before anything will grow; he is kept poor by his forced contributions to the Church; he is denied the right of opinion or of speech; he is subject to the most miserable of all oppressions—that of a greedy and ignorant priesthood. And yet, strange to say, the religion does not seem to lose its converts; those who join the Mormons seldom have the courage, or even the wish, to leave them; and the strongest supporters of their "peculiar institution" are said to be the women. Probably the hymns in which the wives celebrate the joys of polygamy are written by their husbands, and ordained by the bishops to be sung "in Quires and Places where they sing"; and the speeches in which strong-minded Mormon women defend the practice, and glory in being "one among many," are also, no doubt, inspired by the governing body. One fact, if it is true, is ominous; not only are nine-tenths of the Utah people Mormons, but the faith is spreading over Idaho and Wyoming; while there are Mormon colonies in New Mexico, Tennessee, Georgia, and other Southern States. A wholesale conversion of the negroes to Mormonism, which is considered not impossible, might produce startling results. Meantime, the Mormons are extremely anxious to get Utah admitted into the Union as a State. The reason of this is, of course, that the majority—that is, the Mormons themselves—by means of their leaders, would govern the State as they pleased. The next step would be to divide Utah, which is as big as England and France put together, into two Mormon States. Meanwhile, Idaho, Wyoming, Arizona, and New Mexico would have been chiefly colonized by Mormons, and would be ready to be formed into States in their turn, thus forming six compact Mormon States. It is most earnestly to be hoped that this scheme will not be allowed to be carried out.

As regards the illustrations, they are numerous, and are all taken from photographs. Those of the buildings resemble the drawings in the illustrated books of advertisements which lie about on hotel tables; those of landscapes, big trees, and other things, are tolerable, but not striking; they want softness and colour. The curious may read in the Appendix Brigham Young's will. It appears, unless we have counted wrong, that he left forty-six children to lament his loss. This seems a large-sized family, but perhaps it will be surpassed as America, "which is still in her infancy," goes on, and Mormonism prospers.

THE LUSIADS.*

CAPTAIN BURTON gives his reasons for publishing this new translation of *The Lusíads* in his preface, and with that frankness of self-appreciation with which we are all familiar, "after all," he says, "to speak without undue modesty, my most cogent reason for printing this translation of my master is simply because I prefer it to all that have appeared." The work was undertaken in the course of his travels as "a talisman against homesickness and the nervous troubles which learned men call phrenalgia and autophobia." Camoens has been Captain Burton's companion, consoler, and friend—"on board raft and canoe, sailer and steamer, on the camel and the mule, under the tent and the jungle-tree, upon the fire peak and the snow peak, on the Prairie, the Campo, the Steppe, the Desert." We may congratulate Captain Burton very sincerely on having found such a friend, and yet venture to doubt the necessity of publishing this translation. We are already very amply supplied with renderings of Camoens which remain unread. He has been translated almost as often as if he were a Greek classic, and more frequently than either Dante or Tasso, and yet his poem has been judged to be inferior to the *Jerusalem Delivered*, while even Captain Burton would scarcely think of comparing it to the *Divine Comedy*. Neither can its popularity among English translators, for we doubt whether the poem has ever had many readers out of Portugal, be due to its claim to be considered an "Epos of Commerce." The voyage of Gama and the discovery of India are quite subordinate. Captain Burton speaks with enthusiasm of the "exactness"—the insight we call "intuition"—shown by the "arch-poet of Portugal" in his descriptions of places; but, as a matter of fact, Camoens, like all the men of his century when dealing with nature, is very little given to describing in detail. All the places touched on by Gama's fleet do not occupy so much space as the Island of Love in the Epic; and when Captain Burton, after saying that only a "traveller can do justice to a traveller," goes on to say that he is familiar

with the places mentioned in *The Lusíads*, we conclude he does not number that "earthly paradise" among them. The stock classical machinery of the Renaissance poets never looked more absurdly out of place than in the work of this Portuguese Catholic. The absurdity is at its height when Gama prays to the "God of Israel" in a storm raised by the sea-gods at the request of Bacchus, and his prayer is answered by the appearance of Venus and her nymphs. All literature cannot show a finer example of the power of tradition and routine. But, although *The Lusíads* is not an epic of commerce, nor indeed an epic at all, its reputation is of easy explanation. Its style is exquisite, flowing, and natural; the historical episodes are full of a lofty patriotic spirit; and, above all, it is the work which, to the foreign reader, forms the literature of Portugal.

We were by no means sure that there was any necessity for another translation of *The Lusíads* from anybody after the excellent rendering given by Mr. J. J. Aubertin no more than three years ago, and our opinion has not been changed by an examination of Captain Burton's. We approach the work, however, with some awe, for we have the most explicit warning both from the editor, Mrs. Burton, and from Captain Burton himself as to its true value. Speaking, as he promises to do, "without undue modesty," the translator ends up his preface with the following sentence:—"If a concurrence of adverse trifles prevent my being appreciated now, the day will come, haply somewhat late, when men will praise what they now pass by." Thus Captain Burton, speaking from Cairo on May 1, 1880. The confirmatory testimony of the editor is emphatic, and promptly given from Trieste on the following July. Mrs. Burton has some doubts about the fate of the translation, but none as to its value:—"To the un-aesthetic, to non-poets, non-linguists, non-musicians, non-artists, Burton's *Lusíads* will be an unknown land, an unknown tongue. One might as well expect them to enjoy a dominant seventh or an enharmonic change in harmony." In short, this "great work" will probably prove "too aesthetic for the British public." However, we venture to state a few of the reasons why we do not prefer Captain Burton's version of *The Lusíads* to "the commoner translations." But before doing so we should like to clear up a little mystery which hangs over the book. Both translator and editor speak of a commentary which is to interest "all alike," whether they be capable of appreciating a dominant seventh or not; but on examination of the two volumes published, such a commentary "nowhere discloses itself." Neither is there any promise of a third volume. Are we to have it afterwards? Or has Captain Burton changed his mind? Or are we only to have it if we show ourselves capable of appreciating "his enharmonic changes in harmony"? The few foot-notes scattered up and down the two volumes are intended to save the reader "the mortification of consulting the conclusion," which is fortunate, as it is not there to consult. The quality of these notes may perhaps console the reader for the absence of the commentary. They are few, trivial, and only explain what is already clear as daylight. In one case we have a note, apparently inserted to justify a pedantic interpolation in the text of the original, and in one Captain Burton has availed himself of the "liberty of foot-notes," to make a rather odd historical mistake. He has contrived to confound Ferdinand the Catholic of Arragon with his ancestor Ferdinand the Saint of Castile, the conqueror of Seville and Córdoba.

The translator of Bouterwek's *History of Portuguese Literature* takes care to point out in a note that the English translator who wishes to render *The Lusíads* "must avoid all antiquated and uncommon turns of expressions, for the language of Camoens is always eloquent and modern." No one who has the slightest knowledge of Portuguese will doubt that she is perfectly right. Now, it may be said to be the best definition of Captain Burton's work that he has carefully violated this rule wherever it was possible to do so. His style is affected and extravagant; indeed, it would appear from the editor's preface that he has laboured throughout under a mistaken notion of the task which he had before him. In mentioning previous translations, Mrs. Burton tells us that the best is Fanshawe's, because it is the quaintest. Now, apart from the fact that Fanshawe is very inaccurate, and never scruples to add whole sentences of his own, his very quaintness unfits him to be the translator of a poet who is the standard of purity of language in his country. Camoens is never quaint. Captain Burton sometimes uses curiously antiquated words to find equivalents for the simplest Portuguese words. The poet is made to talk of raising "an assured esperance." We have "peregrine" for strange, "peon" for a foot-soldier, and so on. Captain Burton makes use also of provincial terms, of Irish, of Lowland Scotch, or of scientific words. "Pilled and plundered" is tautological and inaccurate as a translation of *manda e come*; and, though "dour," "gars," "galore," "kinky," and fifty more which may be found in this translation are in use, they are not the proper equivalents for classic Portuguese. Where the difficulty of making his line contain no more than the necessary number of syllables presses very hard on him, Captain Burton has recourse to using different forms of the same word. He uses "sprite" and "spirit" in the same sense in the same line; Suramin and Sarracene, Portingall, Portugall, Portgall; and Portuguesees sometimes in the same stanza. In one place we have "sans peur" as the translation of *sem pavor*. One of his most familiar contrivances for making the rhyme which he cannot find is to lop off a syllable which is in his way, and we have 'gins

* *Os Lusíadas (The Lusíads)*. Englished by R. F. Burton. Edited by his Wife, Isabel Burton. 2 vols. London: Bernard Quaritch. 1880.

'venge, 'campment, 'trenchment, and the monstrosity of squad for squadron (of vessels), given as examples of how "the disciple has faithfully followed his master," "Portugal's Maro."

In spite, or rather in consequence, of his misuse of words, Captain Burton is far from being as accurate as Mr. Aubertin, and is altogether inferior to him in the harmony of his verse. Although not without occasional passages of happy melody, his stanzas are, as a rule, somewhat rugged and halting. Among the eleven hundred and odd stanzas of the poem, a large minority are no better than the two we quote here:—

Passeth no tedious time, before the great
Prince a dare Siege in Guimaraens dree'd
by passing pow'r, for to 'mend his state,
came the fell enemy, full of grief and greed;
but when committed life to direful Fate,
Egas, the faithful guardian he was free'd,
who had in any other way been lost
all unprepared 'gainst such 'whelming host.
But when the loyal vassal well hath known
how weak his monarch's arm to front such fight,
sans order wending to the Spanish fone
his sovran's homage he doth pledge and plight,
Straight from the horrid siege th' invader flown
trusting the word and honour of the Knight,
Egas Moniz: But now the noble breast
of the brave youth disdaineth strange behest.

Perhaps it is because we cannot appreciate the dominant seventh or an enharmonic change in harmony that these stanzas, and the many others like them, appear to us to be indifferent English in a limping metre. Portuguese is so little known in England that we can scarcely ask our readers to compare these stanzas with the original; but if any one wishes to understand how they differ from it, he can gain a very fair idea by comparing them with the corresponding stanzas—the thirty-fifth and thirty-sixth of the Third Canto in Mr. Aubertin's translation. We have said, however, that Captain Burton's translation is not without passages of happy melody, and we prefer to part from him by quoting one in which we find some pleasure in thinking the expression of a personal feeling has made him surpass himself and distance his competitors, while he is more than usually faithful to his original:—

The joy one's own dear Land once more to view,
sweet home and kith and kin to sight again,
with whom old voyage-feats we face anew,
and tell of climates-strange and stranger men;
to taste the honey'd draught of praises due
by long mischances, toil, and ill and pain,
each hath of pleasure such a perfect store,
the shallow vessel of man's heart brims o'er.

STEVENS'S MADAME DE STAËL.

DR. STEVENS has attempted what we fear is a hopeless task; that of not only reawakening public interest in Mme. de Staël, but of reviving and extending the dead *culte* of "the greatest woman in literature." He is an adorer, and his two volumes are an elaborate invitation to the world to come and worship with him. Certainly he has some qualifications not always possessed by devotees; he has worked hard to find out all that is to be known about the object of his pious interest. He has drawn up a goodly list of the biographies, criticisms, and more or less indirect accounts of Mme. de Staël that have appeared in French, German, and English; and all these he seems to have read and to have found wanting. Moreover, writing as he does from Geneva, he has had access to some new materials, traditional in certain Genevese families, and especially to the *MS. souvenirs* of M. Pictet de Sergy, one of a well-known Swiss family, himself an intimate friend, and the son and son-in-law of intimate friends, of Mme. de Staël and her father. We may be allowed to hope that these unpublished papers will some day see the light, for they are sure to be full of interesting gossip, and they will certainly not be more one-sided than Dr. Stevens's own work. We give one of the passages which he quotes from them; a passage interesting both from the manner in which it illustrates the position and character of Necker's daughter, and from the explanation it gives of one of her celebrated heroines:—

She not only commemorated some of her associates in the characters of the book [*Delphine*], but (writes one of her still surviving friends) "the origin of its title is equally worthy of interest." She was desirous of meeting the First Consul, for some urgent reason, and went to the villa of Madame de Montesson, whither he frequently resorted. "She was alone in one of the *salles* when he arrived, accompanied by the consular court of brilliant young women. The latter knew the growing hostility of their master towards her, and passed, without noticing her, to the other end of the *salle*, leaving her entirely alone. She was thus placed in quarantine, and her position was becoming extremely painful, when a young lady, more courageous and more compassionate than her companions, crossed the *salle* and took a seat by her side. Madame de Staël was touched by this kindness, and, in the course of the conversation, asked for her Christian name. "Delphine," she responded. "Ah, I will try to immortalise it," exclaimed Madame de Staël; and she kept her word. This sensible young lady was the Comtesse de Custine.

The author treats Mme. de Staël as a public character, and

consequently his book is not a "Life," but a "Life and Times." This is inevitable, and the pages which Dr. Stevens has devoted to his heroine's surroundings, to the political and literary people with whom she was brought in contact, are perhaps the most interesting, and are certainly the least debatable, in the volumes. Everybody will be glad to read a page or two about Bonstetten, and the young Sismondi, and Mme. de Krüdner, and the historian Von Müller, and will find such digressions a pleasant relief from the monotonous panegyric of the main narrative. Their fault is that they are introduced in a haphazard way, and that the book in consequence makes a kind of patchy impression upon the mind. Moreover, the enthusiasm of the biographer for his chief subject seems to overflow upon her friends, all of whom appear before the reader in somewhat magnificent intellectual proportions. Of Mme. de Krüdner, when she becomes serious, we hear that "her superior intelligence, her rare faculties, seemed intensified by a new moral force, a spiritual magnetism, which drew around her the highest minds"; of Bonstetten, that he was "prodigious as a thinker"; that he was "a sage"; and that he became "an oracle at Coppet"; of Mme. Necker de Saussure that she was "the pride of Geneva," rich in heart and brain, and so on of all the rest. No doubt all these were remarkable people, but Dr. Stevens has not practised the art of letting the story suggest their superiority. He forces it upon the reader. He will have no society that is not of the very choicest, and that does not carry its credentials on its forehead. With a curious instinctive sympathy with his heroine, he will have it appear that nobody on whom she cares to smile or frown can possibly be commonplace.

The treatment that Mme. de Staël herself receives from her biographer has been indicated already. It is unbounded and unmitigated praise from beginning to end—praise of her face, her heart, her head; of her beauty, her sensibility, her enthusiasm, her intelligence, her knowledge, her conversation; of her principles, of her practice, of her personal charm, and of her literary style. Dr. Stevens excels in picking out apt quotations from earlier biographers and critics; and the passage from the preface in which he collects some of these testimonies is an excellent index to his own views of his heroine's perfections:—

She has been known abroad chiefly as the author of a couple of "fictions," or by French party criticisms and anecdotal disparagements; but critical students of her works and her times know that she was a profound ethical thinker; a political leader whose persistent liberal teachings have again ascendancy in her country; a "Queen of Society"; an oracle of the first minds of her age; the leader, as Lacretelle records, of the spiritualistic reaction against the materialistic philosophy of the Revolution; one of the principal promoters, as Lermier asserts, of the literature and criticism of the Romantic school, in France, as contrasted with its old rigorous Classicism; the first, as Goethe affirms, effectively to break open the way for the outspread of German literature over Western Europe; the most genuine heroine of the Revolution; the most steadfast opponent of the despotism of Bonaparte—"the last of the Romans," as Lamartine says, "under this Caesar, who dared not to destroy her, and could not abase her"; the greatest woman of her times, as Macaulay asserted; the greatest woman in literature, as Byron said; the greatest woman yet produced by Europe, as Galiffe believed—a superb intellect, and a woman of loving and most lovable soul.

On this tack Dr. Stevens proceeds throughout. Where he can quote a passage of panegyric, he quotes it; where he cannot, he makes one for the occasion. For a picture of Mlle. Necker's youth we are given the well-known rhapsody of De Guibert, in which, according to the worn-out fancy of those days, she is introduced in a travesty of Greek costume as the "priestess of Apollo." "See her! see her!" all exclaim when she appears; and they hold their breath to hear her. "In hearing her one would be disposed to say that many persons, many experiences, were mingled in her one soul," &c. A few years later we have Bonstetten's testimony that "there is more intellect displayed at Coppet in a day than in many whole countries in an entire year." Then comes Frederica Brun, the Dane, with her evidence; "I have never seen anywhere a heart so superabundant in sentiment, a soul of fire, like hers." She travels in the South, and we are told that "genius never looked through clearer eyes on the marvels of Italy than in the person of Mme. de Staël." It is the same with her domestic relations, with her political conduct, with her attitude towards Napoleon, with her effect in England and Germany. Occasionally Dr. Stevens quotes judgments that dwell on Madame's foibles, such as those of Miss Burney and the well-known sayings of Byron; and very rarely he can be got to admit that there is something in them. Byron refers to the death of the young De Staël in a duel, and adds, with more truth than kindness, "Corinne is, of course, what all mothers must be; but will, I venture to prophesy, do what few mothers could—write an essay upon it. She cannot exist without a grievance and somebody to see or read how much grief becomes her." The biographer confesses that "there is some truth in this judgment"; and, indeed, it is borne out by all the facts of the case. Sympathy with her woes, praise for her genius, this is what she was always craving for; and no biography that does not bring out this fact can present a true impression of her. Her conduct in her exile is the standing witness of the one craving, the craving for an audience "to see how much grief becomes her"; and of the other there is evidence in the opinions of all the really great men that she came in contact with, and in a hundred stories not quoted by Dr. Stevens. One of these has always struck us as very characteristic. When Mme. de Staël visited Berlin she met the famous Rahel (afterwards Mme. Varnhagen von Ense), talked with her for two hours, and went away delighted. She was eloquent on Rahel's genius and charm; she

* *Madame de Staël; a Study of her Life and Times: the First Revolution and the First Empire.* By A. Stevens, LL.D. 2 vols. With Portraits. London: John Murray. 1881.

was most ungrudging in her praise. "But," she said to her host, to whom she was giving out her impressions, "you will tell me what she thinks of me?" It was these things that made her a terror to many people, that did her grave social harm, and that, as a natural result, gave her grounds for many a cherished grievance. Dr. Stevens is almost blind to this side of his heroine, and his book is consequently of little value as a critical judgment of her character.

Mme. de Staël had a great effect in her day, and her reputation throughout Europe was immense. In revenge, she has been unduly disparaged by this and the last generation, and it is only right that the attempt should be made to set her in her proper place again. From what we have said, it is plain that Dr. Stevens has not made the attempt in the right way, and that his book, which might have persuaded people to regard her as a good-hearted woman of genius, who, in spite of great weaknesses of character, did real services to the cause of literature, will not persuade them to regard her as a being endowed with superhuman virtues and superhuman powers, and suffering with angelic patience intolerable wrongs. With a real love for the highest ideals, she had a wonderfully quick and active intelligence, an extraordinary gift of speech ("an altogether unprecedented glibness of tongue," Schiller called it), and a power of clear statement that marked her out among all the writers of the time. In spite of her abominable self-consciousness, she was so far sympathetic as to be able to influence both men and women and to surround herself with affection—a gift which has been often known to co-exist with a great deal of vanity. She had no originality of ideas, but she was quick in divining what ideas were fruitful and moving; and it is certain that the praise so often bestowed on her *L'Allemagne*—praise bestowed by Goethe and Richter, and repeated by Sainte-Beuve and by Carlyle—is well deserved. She made Germany known to France, as Coleridge about the same date was making it known to England. Mme. de Staël's power of appreciating German idealism was of quite another order from Coleridge's; but her effect was wider, if less deep, than his, and nothing can rob her of the distinction of having helped to set in motion the Romantic tide which rose to its height a few years after her death. With all her undignified self-tormenting under Napoleon's persecution, she cannot be said to be wholly self-centred. She was as sentimental as if she had been a daughter, not of Necker, but of Rousseau; she loved admiration and sympathy, and flung herself at forty-five into the arms of her youthful second husband, Rocca, as if she had been twenty. But, though the social instincts were unduly strong in her, and though she almost pined herself to death when forbidden to gratify them, her delight in the things of the mind was genuine. It was because she felt herself crippled, disabled, unable to use her great gifts for the furthering of her own or others' intelligence, that she suffered so keenly from her exile. "Her dominant characteristic," says Sainte-Beuve, "the point in which all the contrasts of her nature meet, the swift and penetrating spirit that pervaded and sustained that marvellous assemblage, was certainly the spirit of conversation—of sudden, improvised speech, springing in its divine freshness from the perpetual fountain of her soul; there, in very truth, lay what she calls *life*, that magic word which she so often employed and which must be so often employed in reference to herself by all who speak of her." In the presence of this enthusiasm for life, for intellectual movement, how insignificant, after all, do her weaknesses appear! Her books are a great fact in the history of France and of Europe; and she herself, with all her faults, was a greater fact. Modern literature owes her more than it is prepared to own.

SHADOWS IN THE SUNLIGHT.*

WE presume that *Shadows in the Sunlight* is written by a woman, although, as is often the case, so far as the name on the title-page guides us, the book might be written by man, maid, or matron. But the internal evidence points to feminine authorship; the sorrowful disappointment of a childless mother is depicted with an intelligent sympathy of which few men would be capable; while there are certain trivial mistakes in reference to business matters into which a woman would be likely to fall. The book shows some want of knowledge of the world; and, as we are inclined to add, some want of knowledge of human nature, although that, in a measure, may be matter of opinion. The heroine, upon whom the author has concentrated her attention, is a clever and spirited study, but, to our mind, a phenomenon, and an impossible one. We may grant, though we hesitate to make the admission, that the best and most candid of women may be guilty of a strange piece of deceit under sudden and violent temptation. But we cannot admit that that hasty act of madness would as suddenly and absolutely change a frank and warm-hearted wife into a domestic hypocrite, who has to keep from a confiding husband the secret of a cold-blooded deed of cruelty. Though a first guilty step had precipitated her into an ugly dilemma, we believe she must have been impelled irresistibly, alike by her character and conscience, to the alternative of making atonement by full confession. At the same time we admit that, by straining moral probabilities to suit the purposes of the plot, the author has

conceived an ingenious story, in which the excitement is sustained throughout.

Certainly we should never have foretold Kate Bryanton's course of conduct from what we learn of her on first acquaintance. She is a lively Irish girl, with almost a superabundance of health and an overflow of good spirits, that, altogether regardless of the consequences, hurries her into innocent *étourderies*. She is confident, besides, in the power of her piquant beauty, and feels that it authorizes her to take extraordinary liberties. She is impulsive, frank, and outspoken to a fault; and when we first meet her, driving with an elder sister, she does not hesitate, half laughingly, to own that she has fallen in love at first sight with the new dispensary doctor. For once the course of true love seems to run smooth. For the favourable impression proves to be mutual, and Kitty promptly marries Dr. French, with the full approval of her parents. The couple might have lived happily ever afterwards, and the novel might have ended ere it had well begun. But, unhappily for Kitty, she has innocently, though not unconsciously, made a malignant domestic enemy. Why Rose Dogherty, who has been half a confidential servant, half a humble friend, in the family of the Bryantons, should have detested the second daughter so heartily we hardly know. At all events, there is no doubt of the fact; and the young wife, most unfortunately, has to do with one of the most implacable, treacherous, and vindictive natures that we have met with in an extensive experience of novels. Somewhat weakly, Kitty has consented to have Rose forced upon her by her mother as confidential servant. Forthwith Rose lays herself out to sow dissensions between her new master and mistress. A vicious jealousy inspires her natural turn for intrigue and mischief-making, for she takes it into her head to fall in love with her master. To do him justice, Dr. French has no suspicion of Rose's feelings. But he learns to appreciate the treasure his mother-in-law has spared to their household, and finds Rose a most invaluable woman and the most capable of assistants in the dispensary and surgery. Rose, under the mask of her stealthily unobjectionable manners, abuses the influence she has insensibly gained, and stings the injured wife by perpetually making unassuming displays of it. Yet, as Dr. French really loves his wife as sincerely as ever, no great harm might have been done before they had come to an explanation had it not been for that inexplicable impulse of Kitty's which committed her to a cruel course of deceit, and placed her in Rose Dogherty's power. The original cause of the deed which wrecked her life and happiness was an act of kindly charity. The Frenches had undertaken the charge of an orphan child, brought to them under highly romantic circumstances. The little boy has entwined himself round the hearts of both, and so far they have been richly rewarded. But her husband's fondness for it disturbs Kitty. It seems to show that she might have assured his love could she only have given him a child of her own. The watchful Rose neglects no opportunity of stimulating this morbid feeling, while Kitty begins to think that even this little stranger is a tie between her and her husband, and looks forward with nervous apprehension to the time when it may possibly be reclaimed. The dreaded day comes on her unexpectedly. When out for a solitary walk, she meets the father, and learns in the purpose of his visit that her worst fears are to be realized. Then she is beset by the terrible temptation to which she so strangely succumbs. Accident so far has saved her unexpectedly, in arranging for her intercepting him, before he has had the opportunity of communicating with her husband. A wild idea flashes through her brain, and it is quickly moulded into definite shape. Accident serves her still further. Her embarrassment and distraction strike the visitor. Not unnaturally he never attributes them to the actual cause, but believes that this motherly and warm-hearted young wife is hesitating to break the intelligence of a fresh bereavement to him. She lets him go on deceiving himself, slowly mustering resolution and cunning enough to assist the process when necessary. She becomes not only deceitfully cruel, but positively infamous on the spur of the moment. She leads the sorrowing widower to the grave of his young wife, and there she dashes the last drops in the cup of comfort from his lips, by telling him that his baby has been laid beside its mother. The lie appears to be as stupid as it is heartless. It is most improbable that the father who has come a long journey on such an errand could be sent away without expressing his gratitude to the worthy doctor who had consented to accept the care of the child. But Kitty, who hitherto had been honesty itself, shows herself quite equal to the occasion. She does the best for herself in desperate circumstances where immediate detection is almost inevitable. She launches herself recklessly into the regions of romance and forges the most monstrous accusations against the affectionate husband who had adored her. She tells her companion that her husband is jealous of her; she more than insinuates that Dr. French is a brutal tyrant, of whom she goes in hourly terror of her life. She appeals to Mr. Felton's gratitude and his chivalry to avoid a meeting which might have the most painful consequences for the sorrow-stricken benefactress of his lost child; and he is won to consent by her obvious confusion, at once so very natural and engaging. "Well, I go forth into the world again, a lonely man," is his touching farewell as he turns away from his wife's grave. And Kate French lets him go in that belief, although naturally she feels some relenting. So violent a strain on our credulity is doubly an artistic mistake. Hitherto, as the author intended, our sympathies have gone with Kate. Now, of course, they are effectually diverted; and when Rose

* *Shadows in the Sunlight*. By E. Owens Blackburne, Author of "Illustrious Irishwomen." Cecil Brooks & Co. 1881.

Dogherty misrepresents the meeting in the churchyard, making the calumniated husband jealous in good earnest; when the supposed discovery indirectly kills French, and when he dies addressing delicious reproaches to his wife, although the wretched woman endures excruciating torments, we are ready with the verdict—serve her right.

We lose sight of the widowed Mrs. French, and a period of some five-and-twenty years may be supposed to elapse, when we meet an agreeable widow in easy circumstances, travelling abroad under the name of Mrs. Chetwode. We cannot help suspecting from the first that it is our old Irish acquaintance; the suspicion is rather confirmed by her having a grown-up son in her company; and suspicion changes to absolute certainty when Mrs. Chetwode is brought in contact with an elderly Bessie Morris, who reminds us unmistakably of Rose Dogherty. Nor does the author mean to make any great mystery on the subject; we are intended to know who Mrs. Chetwode is; and as "Bessie" has recognized her former victim, we are sure that the *incognita* cannot be long preserved. Indeed, the old persecution is immediately renewed, and Mrs. Chetwode lives in hourly expectation of the disclosure of her very uncomfortable antecedents. She has as much reason as ever to shrink from disclosures, for having once given herself over to deceit, she seems to have cultivated a decided taste for it. Selfishness also would seem to have grown upon her. No doubt she has done her duty as a mother by this "William Chetwode," who repays her maternal cares with the most affectionate devotion. But all the time, as she knows full well, she has been interposing between him and a noble fortune. "William Chetwode" has no claim on anybody but her, and that claim she is ready to honour to the extent of her means. But "Charles Felton," as the young man really is, is heir to his grandfather's ample estates and a family baronetcy to boot. Things are further complicated by a passionate attachment the young man conceives for Aileen Power, a very fascinating Irish girl; and subsequently by the loss of Mrs. Chetwode's money, which has been "deposited" in the Bonus Bank, which breaks. We may observe that the completeness of the pecuniary catastrophe would have seemed more plausible had the lady been represented as a shareholder in place of a depositor. Had Rose Dogherty never turned up again, it would have been all the worse for "Sir Charles Felton," though better for the next heir to the estates. But Rose, who has only grown more relentless with time, who has private designs of her own, in which she desires Mr. Chetwode's co-operation, turns the screw with remorseless energy. And Mrs. Chetwode, tortured into sheer desperation, anticipates the impending disclosures by a full, though very tardy, confession. It will be seen that the plot of the story is exciting enough; it is lightened by a variety of incidents more or less ingeniously devised, and it begins, as it ends, with a lively love affair, Mrs. Chetwode figuring in the former and her son by adoption in the latter. But we dispute the right of an author to base thrilling sensations on moral phenomena which are incredible or impossible; and in his own interests an author should never abuse the privilege of dealing arbitrarily with conduct and its motives.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. ADRIEN DELAHANTE'S two volumes (1) are capital specimens of a kind of work which might with advantage be much commoner than it is. The author, who belongs to a family which for full two centuries has supplied officials to the Civil Service of France, discovered some time ago, at the death of one of his relations, a mass of papers which, though they had suffered severely from time and neglect, and still more severely from the contributions which the village grocer had been allowed to levy on them, still seemed promising. He had them sorted, and studied them, with this book as a result. A great many family portraits, photographically reproduced, and some miscellaneous illustrations, decorate the volumes, the letterpress of which is very fairly full both of amusement and instruction. As an instance of the former may be mentioned the ideally eighteenth-century conduct of one of the ladies introduced, who never quarrelled with her lover except on one ground—that, seeing her as he did every day, he thought himself entitled sometimes to leave unanswered the voluminous epistles which, notwithstanding their constant intercourse, she regularly addressed to him. "Tender sentiments," she said, "could be expressed so much more suitably by letter than by word of mouth," a craze to which posterity owes some very admirable, and much very worthless, literature. As regards historical instruction, the light which the author throws on the much-abused system of farming the revenue deserves especial mention. *Une famille de finance* is hardly a book to be read generally, except with judicious skipping. But the judicious skipper will find his account in it, and any regular student of the French eighteenth century will find attentive perusal still better repaid.

Louise de la Vallière is perhaps one of those persons about whom everybody thinks that he knows everything. It is, however, often in these very cases that there is least of really accurate know-

ledge. M. Lair's book (2) is of the careful and satisfactory, but not specially brilliant, kind which the teaching of the *École des Chartes* and the altered state of literary standards in France has made common. Such a book written even fifty, much more a hundred, years ago, would have been better probably as a work of art; but it would almost certainly have been inferior as a book of reference. M. Lair's citations of his authorities are incessant; and, indeed, the book may be said to be, more than anything else, a patient and ingenious mosaic of passages from contemporary books and documents more or less obscure. That M. Lair has written thus because it was his plan to do so, and not from any inability to write otherwise, is sufficiently evident. His book is a valuable one. It contains, in an appendix, the letters of the Duchess to the Marquis de Bellefonds, written after her "conversion," and good copies of the two well-known portraits, the one in all the glory of ringlets, necklaces, and gorgeous raiment, the other in Carmelite garb—portraits of which, it must be confessed, the latter is by far the most attractive.

M. Emile Rannic has given (3), in the "Bibliothèque Charpentier," a carefully collated edition of the well-known *souvenirs* of Mme. de Caylus. The creatress of the part of Esther, the "last flower of the age of Louis XIV.," deserved to have her text carefully looked to, and M. Rannic claims (it would seem with justice) that his version is the first accurate and the first really complete one.

The third, and last, volume of Colonel Iung's history of Napoleon Bonaparte's youth (4) completes the work; but also disfigures it. Certain recent events seem to have inspired the author, not merely with the unhappy idea of writing a violent preface of a personal kind, but also with the still unhappier idea of adding to his work (which ostensibly terminates in 1799) a chapter of irrelevant and brutal comment on the death of Napoleon at St. Helena and on the subsequent fortunes of the members of his family. The present Republican party in France has given many proofs of rancour and of bad taste, but few more striking than this. As Colonel Iung's book is a really useful contribution to history, we can only hope that he himself, in a moment of resipiscence, or some one else for him, will lop off these offensive excrescences. It is, however, unfortunately true that the actual literary work of this volume is less well done than that of its predecessors, the Egyptian expedition, for instance, being treated with astonishing incompleteness.

The republication of M. Louis Blanc's *Dix ans de l'histoire d'Angleterre* has been completed by the issue of the tenth volume (5), dealing with the year 1870 until the fall of the Empire. The volume is padded with a long disquisition on the English land question, the tone of which may be easily divined, though it is only just to say that M. Louis Blanc, with his usual freedom from conscious unfairness, admits the drawbacks of the opposite system of peasant proprietorship and compulsory division.

The second volume (6) of M. Gambetta's speeches, edited by the faithful M. Joseph Reinach, extends from February 19, 1871, to July 24, 1872. That M. Gambetta is not one of those orators whose speeches read like finished literature, nor even one of those whose command of their hearers is reproducible in reports, is notorious. The editorial work, however, in the way of summaries of the situation, *entre-fillets* of abstract, &c., is exceedingly well done.

All readers of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* who take an interest in Russia must have looked forward to the publication of M. Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu's work on the Czarish Empire (7). The book is not by any means a mere republication of review articles, these latter having (as, no doubt, in strictness they should always do) served merely as rough drafts of the treatment of particular points. The book is to be on a sufficiently great scale, the present bulky and closely printed volume being the first of three and perhaps of four. M. Leroy-Beaulieu, it is needless to say, speaks with a great deal of authority. He has worked at the subject for ten years, no small portion of which he has spent on the spot. His competence is admitted on all sides—from M. Dragomanoff, the chief literary representative of Nihilism, to the pillars of political orthodoxy in Russia. His work therefore deserves a fuller examination than can be given to it in this particular place. We shall only observe that on a first reading it appears a little open to the charge of aridity. It is not relieved with notes, citations, and illustrations, in the style of histories from Gibbon's days downwards, nor has it the vivid literary polish of history à la Voltaire or à la Rulhière.

M. Legouvé, ever busy in his old age about matters which concern the family man, has dealt (8) with the *question des femmes* in a little pamphlet. He is an emancipator *mais non tout*, as the Sybil of Panzoust might have said. He would introduce the

(2) *Louise de la Vallière*. Par J. Lair. Paris: Plon.

(3) *Souvenirs de Mme. de Caylus*. Par E. Rannic. Paris: Charpentier.

(4) *Bonaparte et son temps*. Par Th. Iung. Tome 3. Paris: Charpentier.

(5) *Dix ans de l'histoire d'Angleterre*. Par Louis Blanc. Tome X. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(6) *Discours et plaidoyers politiques de M. Gambetta*. Paris: Charpentier.

(7) *L'empire des Tsars et les Russes*. Par A. Leroy-Beaulieu. Tome 1. Paris: Hachette.

(8) *La question des femmes*. Par E. Legouvé. Paris: Hachette.

(1) *Une famille de finance au XVIII^e siècle*. Par A. Delahante. 2 vols. Paris: Hetzel.

English law of breach of promise of marriage, in cases of seduction, and would protect married women's earnings. He speaks of Mlle. Hubertine Auclerc in a highly complimentary manner. It is to be feared, however, that Mlle. Auclerc will think the veteran Academician a sad backslider when she finds that, acknowledging the logical right of women to vote and sit, he denies their practical right, and refers them to hospitals and *bureaux de bienfaisance* as their proper sphere.

M. Molinari's excellent letters on Ireland in the *Débats* are already familiar to most people who have interested themselves in the Irish question, but their republication in book-form (9) adds an important item to the catalogue of the literature of the subject. It is needless to say that M. Molinari, the most practical, unprejudiced, and well informed of judges, is what Mr. Gladstone would call a Saturn-and-Jupiter man—that is to say, he holds that even Mr. Gladstone cannot make water run uphill. The papers which are added on Canada and Jersey are altogether lighter, but are pleasant enough reading.

There are many alarmists in France, but M. Raoul Frary (10) is certainly the most serious and sensible of them. His spectre, of course, wears a pickelhaube, but he talks about it in the most logical and connected manner; manifests a perfect acquaintance with history, past and present; speaks of other nations, even of the Germans themselves, without the least heat or rancour; and if he be, as optimists in his own country and others will say, a madman, is the most methodical madman we have ever met. His argument is mainly this. France is constantly increasing in riches and not increasing in numbers or strength; her neighbour is constantly increasing in numbers and strength, and withal becoming poorer. Given these premises, what is the conclusion? More marriages and general habituation to carrying and using arms is the remedy suggested, and M. Frary does not disguise his belief that the wars of the future are likely to be far more disastrous than those of the past, precisely for the reason which makes enthusiastic Liberals believe that all war will soon cease. Wars have been dynastic, says M. Frary; they are now popular. It is difficult in a short space to do justice to an argument which is singularly well marshalled and remarkably accurate in its details. But Frenchmen are not the only persons who may read M. Frary with profit.

M. Emile Montégut occupies a position by himself in French critical literature. Since the death of the great masters of that art—Sainte-Beuve, Gautier, and Mérimée—he shares the primacy with MM. Renan, Scherer, and St.-Victor, falling short, it may be, of each in something, but excelling the first in masculine firmness, the second in catholic sympathy and acuteness of insight, the third in simplicity of style. In this volume (11) the greater part of the work rather deals with art than with literature, and M. Montégut emits some very doubtful opinions, as, for instance, in his preference of Doré over Flaxman. But there is a short paper on Boccaccio, which is a critical gem. The analysis of the character of Alciaci, and of its bearing on Italian character generally, is a wonderful piece of appreciation. An essay on Tasso seems to us distinctly inferior, and some papers on Dante are really papers on Dante's illustrators.

In *La maison d'un artiste* (12) M. de Goncourt has had the not infelicitous idea of giving a kind of *catalogue raisonné* of the contents of his house, which he justly describes as "a nest, than which there is none in Paris fuller of things of the eighteenth century." Two volumes are occupied by this. We shall not say that there are not certain *longueurs*, but the book is a curious and a not inexcusable one. Without impertinence, however, we may perhaps be permitted to say that it has made us more than once ponder what a clever man the late M. Jules de Goncourt must have been.

Splendeurs et misères de la cour de Rome (13) is not inaptly characterized by its catchpenny title. It is, however, fair to say that there is rather more solidity in it than might be expected. The author seems to have a real acquaintance with his subject, which his desire to minister to the anti-clerical prejudice of the day has not altogether obscured or tampered with.

Of two volumes of travel, or something like it, which we have before us, one is a specimen of the almost worthless mixture of geography and fiction to which Frenchmen are so strangely addicted; the other a well-written and not uninteresting book recording a short tour in the Caucasus. Of course, it is possible that M. Gabriel Ferry's experiences (14) may be fact, and that M. Koechlin-Schwartz's (15) may be fiction, but that is not the impression produced by the books.

Three reprints of considerable importance have to be noticed in the poetical way. *L'art d'être grandpère* (16) has been added to

M. Lemerre's edition of Victor Hugo. M. Becq de Fouquières has given in the "Petite Bibliothèque Charpentier" an edition (17) of Chénier which, without entering into the labyrinthine quarrel between the editor, M. Gabriel de Chénier, and their respective publishers, we may pronounce to be very handy, and for all practical purposes complete. Lastly, and perhaps most important of all, comes the first volume of a charming issue (in the ancient series of M. Lemerre's "Petite Bibliothèque," and therefore possessed of every advantage of print and paper) of the entire theatre of Corneille (18). Hitherto the complete works of the greatest of French dramatists have only been accessible in very cumbersome or in very unattractive editions; and the evil habit of publishing a *choix* has contributed to make the less popular plays, in which some of the very finest inspirations of the famous *lutin* appear, all but unknown. The present volume contains *Mélite*, *Citandre*, and *La veuve*. M. Pauly, the editor, has given a notice and brief but sufficient notes. He has, however, wisely determined not to embark on an endless register of variants, considering the poet's finally settled edition of 1682 as sufficient. MM. Erckmann-Chatrian's suppressed drama *Alsace!* (19) does not altogether authorize the suppression, though the censors may perhaps have interpreted the precedent of Phrynichus wisely. It does, however, authorize the remarks of a critic with whom we are very much surprised to find ourselves temporarily in accord. The tone and outline of the pieces are emphatically flabby, the best version we can devise for M. Zola's epithet of "molle."

The dreadful series of familiar conversations on political subjects with which the unfortunate youth of France are drenched by the "Bibliothèque du jeune Français" is diversified by a most pleasant and instructive *Petite grammaire de la prononciation* (20). The many anomalies of the subject are dealt with admirably by M. Pontis.

The March number of the *Revue des arts décoratifs* (21) deserves notice for a paper on M. Lechevallier-Chevignard, with some excellent illustrations of that very capable master of decorative art.

The same subject, on a far larger scale, is dealt with in the two beautiful volumes which make up MM. Davillier and Guillemard's *Maîtres ornemanistes* (22). One of these volumes consists entirely of plates, the number and variety of which must make the work a precious one for reference. It is only to be regretted that the author (Baron Davillier is only responsible for an Introduction) should have introduced a few scattered English names without having explored English libraries or houses, and with evidently the faintest knowledge of the subject, even at second-hand. He might very well have confined himself to the Continent; but, if the Channel was to be crossed at all, it ought to have been crossed seriously.

The ingenious and respectable critic who discovered in the late M. Flaubert's principal novels an organized attempt to deface and caricature successively the idea of man, the idea of woman, and the idea of God, would doubtless have found in *Bouvard et Pécuchet* (23) an extension of this terrible iconoclastic purpose to the entire domain of art and science. The critic, however, has joined the author in the ranks of the majority, and he can scarcely have left an equally sensitive idealist behind. This unfinished work is a curious one. Bouvard and Pécuchet are typical specimens of the class which Balzac loved to portray, and to which he devoted a *physiologie*, the class of the *employé*. They meet by accident, and swear eternal friendship. Soon afterwards Bouvard inherits a fair fortune, and Pécuchet reveals unsuspected savings. They club their means, and seek the Frenchman's elysium, a *propriété*. The entire book (only the last few chapters of which were left unwritten) records their Odyssey of disillusion. At first they try agriculture, as is natural, and, as is natural also, lose a considerable portion of their means. Then they box the compass of the arts, the sciences, and the fads. They manufacture preserved foods, which promptly turn bad; they study anatomy, with the result of having a domiciliary visit from the police; they collect curiosities and fossils; they elaborately explore literature. Then they have a religious fit; and religion turns to philanthropy. They adopt the son and daughter of a convict only to find them turn out revolting specimens of coarse vice. The book is disfigured here and there by a certain crudity of incident and expression, which are not found in the author's earlier books, and which may be due either to the lack of final revision or to bad company in the shape of MM. Zola and de Goncourt, as well as by the same undue obtrusion of the author's medical studies, which increased the power, but impaired the attraction, of *Madame Bovary* and *Salammbô*. But it has the old supremacy of expression, the old humorous contempt of the contemptible side of things, and the old familiarity with human nature; and if it is an immoral book, all literary followers of Ecclesiastes will do well to look to their moral state.

On the other hand, paradoxical as it may seem, *Madame de*

(9) *L'Irlande; le Canada; Jersey*. Par G. de Molinari. Paris: Dentu.

(10) *Le péril national*. Par R. Frary. Paris: Didier.

(11) *Poètes et artistes de l'Italie*. Par E. Montégut. Paris: Hachette.

(12) *La maison d'un artiste*. Par E. de Goncourt. 2 vols. Paris: Charpentier.

(13) *Splendeurs et misères de la cour de Rome*. Par A. Dubarry. Paris: Dreyfous.

(14) *Aventures d'un Français au pays des Cacaïques*. Par G. Ferry. Paris: Dreyfous.

(15) *Un touriste au Caucase*. Par A. Koechlin-Schwartz. Paris: Hetzel.

(16) *L'art d'être grandpère*. Par V. Hugo. Paris: Lemerre.

(17) *Poésies d'André Chénier*. Par L. Becq de Fouquières. Paris: Charpentier.

(18) *Théâtre de P. Corneille*. Par A. Pauly. Tome I. Paris: Lemerre.

(19) *Alsace!* Par Erckmann-Chatrian. Paris: Hetzel.

(20) *Petite grammaire de la prononciation*. Par P. C. Pontis. Paris: Hetzel.

(21) *Revue des arts décoratifs*. Mars 1881. Paris: Quantin.

(22) *Les maîtres ornemanistes*. Par D. Guillemard. 2 vols. Paris: Plon.

(23) *Bouvard et Pécuchet*. Par G. Flaubert. Paris: Lemerre.

Dreux (24) seems to us to have a distinctly immoral tendency. Mme. Henry Gréville seems to be leaning more and more to that side of her master, M. Feuillet, which once provoked a critic, and no prude of a critic either, to say, "M. Feuillet, une honnête femme n'a pas de ces tentations." *Madame de Dreux* is the usual story of an extremely superior woman with an unworthy husband and a worthy lover, who is kept at arm's length with all the propriety in the world, but who is clearly represented as the right man, while the other is the wrong. Novelists of Mme. Henry Gréville's type seem to take a pleasure in treating marriage as a kind of "peculiar institution," very much resembling slavery; the virtuous woman, like the virtuous slave, does not run away, but it is hinted that only the finest of feelings prevents her from doing so.

M. Claretie's book (25) was described almost simultaneously with its appearance by a Parisian critic as an instance of "le reportage dans le roman." Having just found ourselves in agreement with M. Zola and naturalism, it is perhaps a natural thing that we should rebound to M. Brunetière and the Neo-classics. At any rate, we certainly agree with the particular utterance. *Monsieur Adam et Madame Eve* (26) is an imitation, not too unsuccessful, of M. Droz. *Renée* (27) is a sensational novel not destitute of power. In *Tombée du nid* (28) Mlle. Fleuriot has given some sketches of Breton life which deserve a good deal of praise. But a novelist of any other than the first rank should not refer her readers to previous works of her own. *Pascale Nauriah* (29) is a somewhat corrupt following of Balzac, and *Une belle journée* (30) is one of the not infrequent and not insignificant attempts to follow in the steps of M. Flaubert with the staff of M. Zola. A real master in the particular style would have made a *nouvelle* of fifty pages of the subject which M. Céard has treated in a novel of three hundred and fifty. Some of these three hundred and fifty had much better not have been written at all, and the rest would have gained by reduction on the scale just suggested. M. Anatole France is a person acquainted with literature, and his book (31) is pleasantly penetrated with evidences of the fact. As for *Le père de Martial* (32), M. Albert Delpit may perhaps have been a little carried off his feet by the success of *Le fils de Coralie* and *Le mariage d'Odette*; but his new book fairly sustains his reputation.

- (24) *Madame de Dreux*. Par Henry Gréville. Paris: Plon.
 (25) *Les amours d'un Interne*. Par Jules Claretie. Paris: Dentu.
 (26) *Monsieur Adam et Madame Eve*. Par Ange-Bénigne. Paris: Plon.
 (27) *Renée*. Par André Gérard. Paris: Plon.
 (28) *Tombée du nid*. Par Zénaïde Fleuriot. Paris: Hachette.
 (29) *Pascale Nauriah*. Par G. Pradel. Paris: Plon.
 (30) *Une belle journée*. Par H. Céard. Paris: Charpentier.
 (31) *Le crime de Sylvestre Bonnard*. Par A. France. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.
 (32) *Le père de Martial*. Par A. Delpit. Paris: Ollendorff.

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